

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The History of the Conquest of England by the Normans; with its Causes from the Earliest Period, and its Consequences to the Present Time.* Translated from the French of A. THIERRY. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1464. London, 1825. Whittaker.

It is not a little remarkable that we are much indebted to the French for their works on England. Rapin, a Frenchman, has given us one of our best histories; De Lolme has written well on the nature of the English constitution; and Villemain has illustrated the life and times of Cromwell with considerable ability: there is also Baron Dupin, who, in a style at once vigorous and elegant, has written an invaluable description of our public works, and, with a liberality which cannot be too highly praised, has done justice to the superiority of our scientific artisans, and the excellent manner in which our public institutions of every class are supported: lastly, we have M. Thierry, who presents us with an excellent and elaborate history of the Norman sway in England. We confess we have somewhat of a foolish pride, perhaps, about us, when we object to calling the accession of the Duke of Normandy to the throne of England a conquest; for, although he gained the crown by overcoming Harold, yet it is well known that William claimed it as a lawful inheritance, and that in fact his title to it was nearly, if not quite, as good as that of Harold: be this, however, as it may, there is no doubt that the Norman invasion was an event of the highest importance in English history, and that its influence has extended even over a period of eight centuries, and will be felt for ages yet to come; 'for,' as M. Thierry well observes, 'whatever degree of territorial unity the great modern states may appear to have attained—whatever may be the community of manners, language, and public feeling, which the habit of living under the same government and in the same stage of civilization may have introduced among the inhabitants of each of those states—there is scarcely one of them which does not even now present living traces of the diversity of the race of men which, in course of time, have come together in it.'

This variety shows itself in the idioms, local traditions, dialect, political sentiments, or institutions of the country. The conquest of England—for so, with the protest we have entered, we shall for convenience sake call it—by William, Duke of Normandy, is the last territorial conquest of any importance that has taken place in the western part of Europe; and, as the materials for a history of it are ample, M. Thierry has treated the

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subject at length, showing the causes which led to it, and the consequences it has produced. He has consulted only original texts and documents, from which he derived the various circumstances of the narrative, and in portraying the characters of individuals. He has sought in the national traditions, and in old popular poetry, for all that might furnish a just idea of the state of manners and feelings of the time to which the history relates. In point of style, M. Thierry has kept as closely as he could to the language of the old historians, and he has attended rather to narrative than dissertation. In one point M. Thierry's work is very valuable: it is not a mere record of the struggles of a hostile population against their invaders, but the author dwells on the influence of those struggles, not only over the various parts of the British empire, but in France. M. Thierry often, too, assumes new grounds, particularly in tracing the progress of the papal power, which, he contends, did not extend itself by a metaphysical influence alone, but by material means,—that, in short, if the popes did not go on military expeditions in person, they were parties to almost all the great invasions, and shared the spoil with the conquerors—even with conquerors who were still Pagan.

M. Thierry commences his work with a rapid sketch of the ancient population of Britain, and of its history previous to the Norman invasion: he gives a summary narrative of the occurrences which preceded and paved the way to this conquest, a complete recital of all the events connected with it, and an account of its effects on society. All these points are treated with great acuteness and impartiality; and the author, by the numerous authorities to which he refers, shows the extent of his researches, and his anxiety to come at the truth. Having thus given a general outline of the work, we shall not enter into a regular analysis of its contents, but make a few extracts, showing the author's style and manner of treating his subject. The first refers to the period when the last remnant of the purely British race was driven into Wales:—

'Thus disappeared from the whole island of Britain, excepting only the small and barren country of Wales, the race of the Celts, Cambrians, Lægrians, and Britons, properly so called, of whom part had emigrated directly from the eastern extremities of Europe, and part had come into Britain, after a stay, longer or shorter, on the coast of Gaul. These feeble remains of a great people had the glory of keeping possession of their last corner of territory, against the efforts of an enemy immensely superior in numbers and

resources; often vanquished, but never subjugated, and bearing through the course of ages the unshaken conviction of a mysterious eternity reserved for their name and their language. This eternity was foretold by the bards of the Welsh, from the first day of their defeat: and whenever, in after times, a new invader crossed the mountains of Cambria, after the most complete victories his captives would repeat to him: "Tis all in vain; thou canst destroy neither our name nor our language." Fortune, bravery, and, above all, the nature of the country, formed of rocks, lakes, and sands, justified these predictions, which, though rash ones, are a remarkable evidence of vigorous imagination in the little people who dared to make them their national creed.

'It is hardly too much to say, that the ancient British *fed* on poetry; for, in their political axioms which have been handed down to us, the bard, at once poet and musician, is placed beside the labourer and the artisan, as one of the three pillars of social life: their poets had one great and almost only theme—their country's destinies, her misfortunes, and her hopes. The nation, poetical in its turn, extended the bounds of fiction by ascribing fantastic meanings to their simplest words. The wishes of the bards were received as promises, their expectations as prophecies; even their silence was made expressive. If they sang not of Arthur's death, it was proof that Arthur yet lived: if the harper undesignedly sounded some melancholy air, the minds of his hearers spontaneously linked with this vague melody the name of some spot rendered mournfully famous by the loss of a battle with the foreign conquerors. This life of hopes and recollections gave charms, in the eyes of the latter Cambrians, to their country of rocks and morasses: though poor, they were gay and social, bearing the burden of distress lightly as some passing inconvenience, looking forward with unabated confidence to a great political revolution, by which they should regain all that they had lost, and (as one of their bards expresses it) recover the crown of Britain.'

The description of the Danish and Norwegian pirates who first invaded Britain is admirable. M. Thierry says:—

'The conversion of the Teutonic nations of the south to the Christian religion had broken every sort of tie between them and the Teutones of the north. The man of the north, in the eighth century, still gloried in the title of *son of Odin*, and treated the Germans, who were sons of the church, as bastards and renegades, making no distinction between them and the people they had conquered, but whose God they adored. Franks

or Gauls, Long-bards or Latins—all were alike hateful to the man who had remained faithful to the ancient divinities of Germany; all alike were to be plundered or dragged into slavery. A sort of religious fanaticism and patriotic puritanism were thus allied in the souls of the Scandinavians with their disorderly spirit and insatiable thirst of gain. They were particularly fond of the blood of the priests and the gold taken from the churches; and would lodge their horses in the chapels of the palaces, when they had wasted with fire and sword some canton of the Christian territory. "We have sung the mass of lances," they would say in derision; "it began at the rising of the sun."

'Favoured by an easterly wind, the Danish and Norwegian boats, with two sails, arrived in three days off the southern coast of Britain. The soldiers of a whole fleet generally obeyed one only chief, whose vessel was distinguished from the rest by some peculiar ornament. The same chief still commanded, when the pirates had disembarked, and were marching in battalions on foot or on horseback. He was saluted by the Germanic title of *king*: but he was king only at sea and in the combat; for, in the festive hour, the beer-horn passed from hand to hand, without distinction of first or last. The *king of the sea*, or the *king of the battle*, was everywhere faithfully followed and always zealously obeyed; for he was always renowned as the bravest of the brave—as he who had never slept beneath a roof, nor ever drained the bowl on a sheltered hearth.

"He could govern a vessel as the good horseman manages his horse, running over the oars while they were in motion. He would throw three javelins to the mast-head, and catch them alternately in his hand, without once missing. Equal under such a chief, supporting lightly their voluntary submission and the weight of their coat of mail, which they promised themselves would soon be changed for an equal weight in gold, the pirates held their course gaily, as their old songs express it, along the track of the swans. Often were the fragile barks wrecked and dispersed by the north-sea storm—often did the rallying-sign remain unanswered; but this neither increased the cares nor diminished the confidence of the survivors, who laughed at the winds and the waves from which they had escaped unhurt. "The force of the storm," they would sing, "is a help to the arms of our rowers; the hurricane is in our service; it carries us the way we would go."

The fatal battle of Hastings is well described; we have, however, only room for a short extract:—

'The army was soon within sight of the Saxon camp, to the north-west of Hastings. The priests and monks then detached themselves from it, and ascended a neighbouring height, to pray, and witness the conflict. A Norman, named Taillefer, spurred his horse forward in front, and began the song of the exploits of Charlemagne and Roland, famous throughout Gaul. As he sung, he played with his sword, throwing it up with force in the air, and receiving it again in his right

hand. The Normans joined in chorus, or cried, God be our help! God be our help!

'As soon as they came within bowshot, the archers and crossbow-men began to discharge their arrows; but most of the shots were deadened by the high parapet of the Saxon redoubts. The infantry, armed with spears, and the cavalry, then advanced to the entrances of the redoubts, and endeavoured to force them. The Anglo-Saxons, all on foot around their standard planted in the ground, and forming behind their redoubts one compact and solid mass, received the assailants with heavy blows of their battle-axes, which, with a back-stroke, broke their spears and clove their coats of mail. The Normans, unable either to penetrate the redoubts or to tear up the palisades, and fatigued with their unsuccessful attack, fell back upon the division commanded by William. The duke then commanded all his archers again to advance, and ordered them not to shoot point-blank, but to discharge their arrows upwards, so that they might descend over the rampart of the enemy's camp. Many of the English were wounded, chiefly in the face, in consequence of this manœuvre; Harold himself lost an eye by an arrow, but he nevertheless continued to command and to fight. The close attack of the foot and horse recommenced, to the cry of "Our lady! God be our help! God be our help!" But the Normans were repulsed at one entrance of the Saxon camp, as far as a great ravine covered with grass and brambles, in which, their horses stumbling, they fell pell-mell, and numbers of them perished. There was now a momentary panic in the army of the foreigners; it was rumoured that William was killed, and at this news they began to fly. William threw himself before the fugitives, and barred their passage, threatening them, and striking them with his lance; then, uncovering his head, "Here I am," cried he; "look at me; I am still alive, and with God's help I will conquer."

'The horsemen returned to the redoubts; but, as before, they could neither force the entrance nor make a breach. The duke then bethought himself of a stratagem to draw the English out of their position and their ranks. He ordered a thousand horse to advance and immediately fly. At the sight of this feigned rout, the Saxons were thrown off their guard; and all set off in pursuit, with their axes suspended from their necks. At a certain distance, a body of troops posted there for the purpose joined the fugitives, who then turned round; and the English, surprised in the midst of their disorder, were assailed on all sides with spears and swords, which they could not ward off, both hands being occupied in wielding their heavy axes. When they had lost their ranks, the openings of the redoubts were forced, and horse and foot entered together; but the combat was still warmly maintained, pell-mell and hand to hand. William had his horse killed under him. Harold and his two brothers fell dead at the foot of their standard, which was plucked from the ground, and the flag sent from Rome planted in its stead. The remains of the English army, without a chief and without a

standard, prolonged the struggle until it was so dark that the combatants on each side could recognise one another only by their language.'

Our concluding extract relates to the constableness of Chester, which forms so important an incident in the tale of 'The Betrothed.' The origin of this office is very curious. When the county of Chester was subdued by William, he gave it to Hugues d'Avranches, who was surnamed Le Loup, and bore a wolf's head on his escutcheon. He is described, by an ancient historian, as having 'poured forth Welsh blood like water:—

'We are told by old accounts, that when Hugues-le-Loup had installed himself with the title of count in the province of Chester, he called over from Normandy one of his old friends, named Nigel or Lenoir; and that Lenoir brought with him five brothers, Houdard, Edouard, Volmar, Horswin, and Volfan. Hugues distributed among them lands in his county. He gave to Lenoir the town of Halton, near the river Mersey; and made him his constable and hereditary marshal—that is, wherever the Count of Chester was at war, Lenoir and his heirs were to march at the head of the whole army in going out, and to be the last in returning. They had, as their share of the booty taken from the Welsh, the beasts of all descriptions. In time of peace, they had the right of administering justice for all offences within the district of Halton, and made their profit of the fines. Their servants enjoyed the privilege of buying in the market at Chester before any one else, unless the count's servants had presented themselves first. Besides these prerogatives, the constable Lenoir obtained for himself and his heirs the control of the roads and streets during the fairs at Chester, the tolls of all the markets within the limits of Halton, all animals found astray in the same district, and, lastly, the right of stallage, and of selling, with an entire freedom from tax and toll, every sort of merchandise, excepting salt and horses.

'Houdard, the first of the five brothers, became to Lenoir nearly what Lenoir was to Count Hugues; he was hereditary seneschal of the constableness of Halton. Lenoir, his lord, gave him for his service and homage (such was the formula of the time) the lands of Weston and Ashton. Of the profits of the war, he had all the bulls taken from the Welsh; and the best ox, as a recompense for the man-at-arms, who carried his banner. Edouard, the second brother, received from the constable two bovatas of land at Weston. Two others, Volmar and Horswin, jointly received a domain in the village of Runcone. And the fifth, named Volfan, who was a priest, obtained the church of Runcone.

'These curious details are in themselves scarcely worthy of notice; but they may assist the reader to picture in his imagination the various scenes of the conquest, and give to the facts of greatest importance their local colouring. All the arrangements of interest, all the sharing of possessions and offices, which took place in the province of Chester, between the Norman governor, his first lieutenant, and the lieutenant's five companions,

give a true and faithful idea of the transactions of the same kind, and at the same time, in every province of England. When the reader shall hereafter meet with the titles of count, constable, and seneschal,—when, in the course of this history, he finds any mention of the rights of jurisdiction, of markets, or of tolls, of the profits of war and of justice,—let him immediately call to mind Hugues d'Avranches, his friend Lenoir, and the five brothers who came with Lenoir: then, perhaps, he will perceive some reality under these titles and formulas, which, if examined apart from men and transactions, have no meaning whatever.

(To be continued.)

*The Progresses, Processions, and Magnificent Entertainments of King James the First, his royal Consort and Family, and Court: comprising the splendid Masques exhibited at Court, the triumphal Pageants of the City of London, numerous Original Letters, &c. Illustrated with Notes, Topographical, Biographical, and Bibliographical.* By JOHN NICHOLS, F.S.A. Parts I. and II. 4to. London, 1825. Nichols and Son.

To no individual of the present day, or, we might say, age, is the public so largely indebted for illustrations of English history, whether connected with literature, politics, or topography, as to Mr. Nichols, whose advanced age is accompanied by unimpaired vigour and by a maturity of reflection which age alone could give.

The Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, which preceded the work now before us, contained an invaluable collection of documents connected with the reign of that princess, and exhibited a faithful and lively picture of the manners of the court of the age. The Progresses, Processions, and Magnificent Entertainments of James the First, though complete in themselves, take up the subject where the former volumes left it off, and may be considered as a necessary and valuable continuation of this branch of court history.

In these volumes, the author states, in his 'Address to the Public,' will be found all the attainable particulars, hitherto in great measure unpublished or widely scattered, of the sumptuous entertainments given to King James and his family in various corporate towns, and at the hospitable mansions of the nobility and gentry; details of the amusements of court, and the baptisms, marriages, and chivalric tilts, there celebrated.

A considerable number of extremely rare tracts are here reprinted, not to be separately obtained but with great difficulty, and at an enormous expense. Amongst these are more than thirty masques, the productions of Ben Jonson, Daniel, Chapman, Beaumont, and others, and performed by the queen and the nobility, including those exhibited by the gentlemen of the four principal inns of court. As many "London pageants" of the period as the editor after the most diligent researches has been able to obtain, are also reprinted; and should any more of them be communicated during the period of the present publication, or any material correction or appropriate addition be received, they shall be

inserted in the appendix which will accompany the concluding portion.

The correspondence of the nobility and courtiers, with which these volumes abound, includes many royal letters, and contains matter of the most interesting and amusing description; the greater part consisting of extracts from the long-continued and systematic familiar despatches of Mr. John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton; the marrow of which, selected with the most scrupulous nicety, is here first printed from Dr. Birch's MSS. in the British Museum.

This is a very modest statement of what the work really contains; it does not, however, do justice to the extraordinary industry and patient research displayed by the editor in collecting, arranging, and digesting his materials. Every page teems with some anecdote, either biographical, historical, or topographical. It is particularly rich in notes of the latter description, and the account of James the First's journey to London, on his succeeding to the throne, contains a description of almost every castle or town of importance at which he rested on his route. The work is indeed one which Mr. Nichols alone could have done, for he only who has devoted a long life to the subject could have collected, from sources so various and scattered, the scarce and valuable documents it contains, while the illustrative notes bespeak the most intimate acquaintance with the history of the times and of families.

The first part of this work, which will be completed in eighteen monthly parts, begins with a reprint of a tract published in 1603, 'Sorrowe's Ioy, or a Lamentation for our late deceased soveraigne Elizabeth, with a Triumph for the prosperous Succession of our gracious King James,' &c. Some of these tributes are rather uncouth, but they are generally quaint and fervent, and not unfrequently very extravagant; we shall select a couple:—

TO THE KING HIS MAJESTIE.

'Is any penne so rich in poetrie,  
As to pourtray thy matchless maiestie?  
Can mortall wight conceit thy worthines,  
Which fills the world's capacious hollownes?  
Lo, then, the man which the *Lepanto*\* writ;  
Or he, or els on earth is no man fit.  
Request him, then, that he would thee commend,

Els neu'r thy worth may worthily be penn'd:  
And yet, for all his royall eloquence,  
Scarce may he figure forth thy excellence. T. B.

ON THE DEATH OF OUR LATE QUEENE.

'They say a comet woonteth to appeare,  
When princes' baleful destinie is neare:  
So *Julius* starre was seen with fierie crest,  
Before his fall to blaze amongst the rest!  
Our starre is fall'n, and yet no bearded light  
Did once amaze the sad beholders' sight;  
For why, a comet meete to have showne her fall,  
Would sure have set on fire heaven, earth, and all.  
THO. BYNG.'

Although James I. was the legitimate heir to the English throne, yet the council did not immediately on the death of the queen pro-

\* The *Lepanto* made a part of "His Majesty's Poeticall Exercises at vacant Houres;" printed at Edinburgh in 1591.

claim him king, but sat in deliberation some hours; and hence the intelligence concerning the death of Elizabeth was made known through the country, and even carried to James himself, before that concerning the proclamation of her successor. In some parts of the country, however, particularly at Winchester, the authorities did not wait for orders from the council, but proclaimed the new monarch. The news of Elizabeth's death was conveyed to James by Sir Robert Carey, who gives this account of the latter part of his mission:—

"Very early on Saturday I took horse for Edenborough, and came to Norham about twelve at noone, so that I might well have been with the king at supper-time: but gott a great fall by the way, and my horse with one of his heels gave mee a great blow on the head that made mee shed much blood. It made me so weake that I was forced to ride a soft pace after, so that the king was newly gone to bed by the time that I knocked at the gate. I was quickly let in, and carried up to the king's chamber. I kneeled by him, and saluted him by his title of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland. Hee gave mee his hand to kisse, and bade me welcome.

"After he had long discoursed of the manner of the queen's sicknesse and of her death, he asked what letters I had from the council? I told him none: and acquainted him how narrowly I escaped from them. And yet I had brought him a blue ring† from a faire lady, that I hoped would give him assurance of the truth that I had reported. Hee tooke it, and looked upon it, and said, 'It is enough: I know by this you are a true messenger.' Then he committed me to the charge of my Lord Hume, and gave streight

\* Sir Anthony Weldon informs us, that when James the First sent Sir Roger Aston as his messenger to Elizabeth, Sir Roger was always placed in the lobby; the hangings being turned so that he might see the queen dancing to a little fiddle, which was to no other end than that he should tell his master, by her youthful disposition, how likely he was to come to the crown he so much thirsted after; and, indeed, when at her death this same knight, whose origin was low, and language suitable to that origin, appeared before the English council, he could not conceal his Scottish rapture, for, being asked how the king did, he replied, "Even, my lords, like a poore man wandering about forty years in a wilderness and barren soyle, and now arrived at the *Land of Promise*."

† The account of the blue ring which Lady Elizabeth Spelman gave to Lord Corke was this:—King James kept a constant and private correspondence with several persons of the English court during many years before Queen Elizabeth died. Among them was Lady Scroope, sister to Sir Robert Carey; to whom his majesty sent, by Sir James Fullerton, a sapphire ring, with positive orders to return it to him by a special messenger as soon as the queen was actually expired. Lady Scroope had no opportunity of delivering it to her brother, Sir Robert, whilst he was in the palace of Richmond; but, waiting at the window till she saw him at the outside of the gate, she threw it out to him; and he well knew to what purpose he received it.—*Brydges's Peers of King James*, p. 413.

command that I should want nothing. Hee sent for his chirurgions to attend mee, and, when I kissed his hand at my departure, he said to mee these gracious words: 'I know you have lost a neere kinsewoman, and a loving mistresse; but take here my hand, I will be as good a master to you, and will requite this service with honour and rewerd.' So I left him that night, and went with my Lord Hume to my lodging, where I had all things fitting for so weary a man as I was. After my head was drest, I tooke leave of my lord and many others that attended mee, and went to my rest. The next morning by ten a'clock my Lord Hume was sent to me from the king, to know how I had rested; and withall said, that his majestie commanded him to know of mee, what it was that I desired most, that he should do for mee; bade me aske, and it should be granted. I desired my lord to say to his majestie from mee, that I had no reason to importune him for my suite, for that I had not as yet done him any service: but my humble request to his majestie was, to admitt mee a gentleman of his bed-chamber, and hereafter, I knew, if his majesty saw mee worthy, I should not want to taste of his bounty. My lord returned this answer, that hee sent me word back, 'with all his heart I should have my request.' And the next time I came to court (which was some four dayes after) at night, I was called into his bed-chamber, and there by my Lord of Richmond, in his presence, I was sworn one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, and presently I helped to take off his clothes, and stayed 'till he was in bed. After this there came daily gentlemen and noblemen from our court, and the king sett downe a fixed day for his departure towards London."

On his accession James was very lavish of his promises, but soon forgot his friends; and this very Sir Robert Carey, who did him such good service, thus relates his ingratitude,—'I only relied on God and the king: the one never left me; the other, shortly after his coming to London, deceived my expectation, and adhered to those that sought my ruin.' As an instance of James's facility of promise take the following letter:—

"JAMES R.—To our trustie and wel-beloved Robert Lee, lord maior of our city of London, and to our wel-beloved the aldermen and commoners of the same.

"Trustie and wel-beloved, wee greet you heartily well. Being informed of your great forwardnesse in that just and honorable action of proclaiming us your soveraigne lord and king, immediately after the decease of our late dearest sister the queen, wherein you have given a singular good proove of your auncient fidelitie, a reputation hereditary to that our citie of London, being the chamber of our imperial crowne, and ever free from all shadowes of tumults and unlawful courses; we could not omit (with all speed possible we might) to give you hereby a taste of our thankfull minde for the same; and withall assurance that you cannot crave anything of us fit for the maintenance of you all in generall, and every one of you in perticular, but it shall be most willingly performed by us,

whose speciall care shall ever be to provide for the continuance and increase of your present happiness; desiring you in the meane time to goe constantly forward in all doing in and whatsoever thinges you shall find necessary and expedient for the good government of our sayd citie, in execution of justice, as you have beene in use to doe, in our saide deceased sister's time, till our pleasure be knowne to you on the contrary. Thus not doubting but you will doe, as you may be fully assured of our gracious favors towards you, in the first degree, wee bid you heartily farewell. Haly-roode House, the 28th of March, 1603."

We ought to observe that to the letters fac-similes of the writer's autographs are given. If James was ungrateful, it must be acknowledged that he was surrounded by some base sycophants, and among them we must class Sir John Harrington, as will be seen by the following extracts:—

'Sir John Harrington took an early opportunity of sending a compliment to the new sovereign, by transmitting

"A new year's guift at Christmass, by Captaine William Hunter, 1602."

'1. A dark lantern\*, made of fowre metels, gold, silver, brass, and iron.

'2. The top of it was a crowne of pure gold, which also did serve to cover a perfume-pan.

'3. Thear was within it a shield of silver embost, to give a reflexion to the light; on one side of which

'4. Was the sunn, the moone, and vii starrs.

'5. On the other side the story of the birth and passion of Christ as it is fownd graved by a king of Scots that was prisoner in Nottingham in a cell called, to this day, the King of Scots prison†.

\* "Fabricated," as Mr. Park judiciously observes, "at a moment when the lamp of life grew dim in the frame of Queen Elizabeth, and she began to 'bear shew of human infirmities.'" It is curious as a tribute of court-craft; but it displays a "darkness visible" in the character of our politic knight; and proves that he was an early worshipper of the regal sun which rose in the north, though his own "Notes and Private Remembrances" would seem to indicate a different disposition:—

"Here now wyll I rest my troublede mynde, and tende my sheepe like an Arcadian swayne, that hath lost his faire mistresse; for in soothe, I have loste the beste and faireste love that ever shepherde knew, even my gracious queene; and, sith my good mistresse is gone, I shall not hastily put forth for a new master. I heare oure newe kinge hath hangede one man before he was tryede; 'tis strangely done; now, if the wynde blowethe thus, why may not a man be tryed before he hath offended?—I wyll keepe companie with none but my ores and doves, and go to Bathe and drinke sacke, and wash awaie remembraunces of paste times in the streames of Lethe."

† David II. king of Scots, is reported to have been confined in Nottingham Castle, and during that confinement to have sculptured the passion of our Saviour on the walls of his apartment: but Camden records the tradition without giving it much credence, and S. ow does

'6. The word was that of the good theife: "Lord remember me when thou comest in thie kingdom

*Domine, memento mei cum veneris in regnum*" "And a little beneath: "Post crusem lucem."

'7. The wax candle, to be removed at pleasure to the top, and so to make a candlestick, stooed in a foot of brass.

'8. The snuffers, and all the outside of the lantern, of iron and steele plate.

'9. The perfume in a little silver globe, fild with musk and awmber.

"This "New Year's Guift" was accompanied by "Verses on the Lantern," in Latin and English; by others on the picture; by the "Farewell to his Muse;" and by the following "Welcome to the King:"—

"Come, triumph; enter church, court, city, towne;

Heere James the Sixt, now James the First, proclaymed:

See how all harts ar heald, that erst were maymed,—

The peere is pleasd, the knight, the clarke, the clowne.

The mark, at which the malecontent had aymed

Is mist, succession stablisht in the crowne,—

Joy, Protestant; Papist, be now reclaymed; Leave, Puritan, your supercilious frowne, Joyn voice, hart, hand, all discord be disclaymed.

Be all one flock, by one great sheppard guided: No forren wolf can force a fould so fenced, God for his house a Steward hath provided, Right to dispose what erst was wrong dispenced.

But with a loyall love and long prapenced, With all, yet more than all, rejoyce do I, To conster Jam—es *Primus, et non VI.*"

This is sad servility, and Sir John Harrington was only one of the many whose gross flatteries made the king think himself more than human.

(To be continued.)

*Tales of the Crusaders.* By the Author of *Waverley*.

(Concluded from p. 408.)

IN our last number we gave a very ample account of the first of the *Tales of the Crusaders*—the *Betrothed*, and the poetry of the second—the *Talisman*; and we shall now notice the story itself, which is more romantic and chivalrous, and fuller of interesting incident, than almost any of his former tales. It is altogether one of the best productions of this master spirit: nothing can surpass in richness or grandeur the description the author gives of the chivalrous scenes and character of the Saracens, and of the enthusiasm and gallant daring of Richard Cœur de Lion and the crusaders. The Herculean strength and impetuous courage of Richard, and the magnificence and magnanimity of the Soldan Saladin, are well known, but they never were described in terms so glowing or so vigorous before.

The hero of the tale of the *Talisman* is Sir Kenneth of the Couchant Leopard, a Scottish

not contribute to its establishment as an historical fact. See Deering's *History of the Town, and Thoroton's of the County, of Nottingham*.

knight, who had proceeded to Palestine; and, after losing all his followers except his squire, who is sick, is seen journeying along the sandy deserts in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, where he meets with a Saracen chief, Ilderim, whom he encounters, and almost defeats, when they, being satisfied with each other's valour, agree on a truce.

As these two personages may almost be considered the heroes of the tale, we shall quote our author's description of them:—

"The champions formed a striking contrast to each other in person and features, and might have formed no inaccurate representatives of their different nations. The Frank seemed a powerful man, built after the ancient Gothic cast of form, with brown hair, which, on the removal of his helmet, was seen to curl thick and profusely over his head. His features had acquired, from the hot climate, a hue much darker than those parts of his neck which were less frequently exposed to view, or than was warranted by his full and well-opened blue eye, the colour of his hair, and of the mustaches which thickly shaded his upper lip, while his chin was carefully divested of beard, after the Norman fashion. His nose was Grecian and well formed; his mouth a little large in proportion, but filled with well-set, strong, and beautifully white teeth; his head small, and set upon the neck with much grace. His age could not exceed thirty, but, if the effects of toil and climate were allowed for, might be three or four years under that period. His form was tall, powerful, and athletic, like that of a man whose strength might, in latter life, become unwieldy, but which was hitherto united with lightness and activity. His hands, when he withdrew the mailed gloves, were long, fair, and well-proportioned; the wrist-bones peculiarly large and strong; and the arms themselves remarkably well-shaped and brawny. A military hardihood, and careless frankness of expression, characterized his language and his motions; and his voice had the tone of one more accustomed to command than to obey, and who was in the habit of expressing his sentiments aloud and boldly, wherever he was called upon to announce them.

"The Saracen Emir formed a marked and striking contrast with the western crusader. His stature was indeed above the middle size, but he was at least three inches shorter than the European, whose size approached the gigantic. His slender limbs, and long spare hands and arms, though well proportioned to his person, and suited to the style of his countenance, did not at first aspect promise the display of vigour and elasticity which the Emir had lately exhibited. But, on looking more closely, his limbs, where exposed to view, seemed divested of all that was fleshy or cumbersome; so that nothing being left but bone, brawn, and sinew, it was a frame fitted for exertion and fatigue, far beyond that of a bulky champion, whose strength and size are counterbalanced by weight, and who is exhausted by his own exertions. The countenance of the Saracen naturally bore a general national resemblance to the eastern tribe from whom he descended, and was as unlike as possible to the exagger-

ated terms in which the minstrels of the day were wont to represent the infidel champions, and the fabulous description which a sister art still presents upon sign-posts. His features were small, well formed, and delicate, though deeply embrowned by the eastern sun, and terminated by a flowing and curled black beard, which seemed trimmed with peculiar care. The nose was straight and regular, the eyes keen, deep-set, black, and glowing, and his teeth equalled in beauty the ivory of his deserts. The person and proportions of the Saracen, in short, stretched on the turf near to his powerful antagonist, might have been compared to his sheeny and crescent-formed sabre, with its narrow and light, but bright and keen Damascus blade, contrasted with the long and ponderous Gothic war-sword which was flung unbuckled on the same sod. The Emir was in the very flower of his age, and might perhaps have been termed eminently beautiful, but for the narrowness of his forehead, and something of too much thinness and sharpness of feature, or at least what seemed such in an European estimate of beauty."

The two combatants become friends, and the Saracen offers to conduct Sir Kenneth to the Cavern of Theodric of Engaddi, whither the Knight of the Couchant Leopard says he is proceeding, when they encounter a sort of holy madman, who attacks the Saracen, on account of his singing the song of Ahriman, in our last No., which he considers to be blasphemous. This madman proves to be Theodric himself, who leads them to his cavern, where they repose. In the middle of the night, Sir Kenneth is led by Theodric to a chapel, cut out of the rock, where he is shown a fragment of the true cross: here, also, he encounters Edith Plantagenet, the niece of Richard I., who with the queen had repaired to Palestine. Our readers will find no difficulty in fixing this lady as the enamoured of Sir Kenneth.

The knight now proceeds to the camp of Richard, near Ascalon, where the king is confined by fever, and distracted with the dissensions of the crusaders. Sir Kenneth is accompanied by El-Hakim, a celebrated Moorish physician, whom the generous Saladin has sent to cure the King of England, whose followers, however, are somewhat suspicious of the experiment. It was then agreed that he should first try his skill on Sir Kenneth's squire, whom he cured principally by giving him some water to drink, in which he had dipped something which he concealed: this was the talisman. El-Hakim is next introduced to the king, and is equally successful.

The dissensions among the crusaders ripen into a conspiracy against Richard, between Aumary, the Grand Master of the Templars, and Conrade, Marquess of Montserrat, who, at a banquet given by the Archduke Leopold of Austria, urges the latter to go and pull down the banner of England, which waved over the others on St. George's Mount. Leopold, followed by the Austrians, is in the act of doing this, when Richard hears of it, and, though yet scarcely recovered, rushes out impetuously, seizes the banner of Leopold, on

which he tramples, and dashes a gigantic Hungarian, who opposed him, to the ground. The protection of the sacred standard is now given to Sir Kenneth, who is led from his duty by a ring, sent from Edith, asking an interview in the king's tent. He leaves his faithful greyhound by the standard, and soon finds that the invitation was a silly trial of his love to Edith, made by the queen, and without her knowledge. On his return, he finds the standard gone, and his faithful dog apparently in the agonies of death. The dog is recovered by El-Hakim; but Sir Kenneth, who boldly went to the king to offer his life, as the punishment of his crime in deserting his post, is condemned to death by Richard. Neither the entreaties of Edith nor the queen will induce the king to revoke the sentence; but El-Hakim interposes, and the knight is given to him as a slave.

Conrade and the Grand Master of the Templars form a plot to assassinate the king, but are prevented by a Nubian slave. At a review of the crusaders, the Nubian, accompanied by his dog, is present; and the latter, on seeing Conrade, seizes him by the throat, having recognised him as the person who had carried off the king's standard, and nearly killed the faithful animal. Richard impeaches Conrade as a traitor, and offers to prove it by wager of battle. Some difficulty arises as to neutral ground for the combat, when Saladin is applied to to permit the lists to be erected within his camp.

The march of Richard and his attendants towards the Diamond Spring, where the combat was fixed, the brilliant array of the Arab troops, the compliment they paid to Richard by a shower of headless arrows, and the interview between the sultan and Richard, are admirably described. When the two monarchs saw each other—

"There was no need of farther introduction. The two heroic monarchs, for such they both were, threw themselves at once from horseback, and, the troops halting and the music suddenly ceasing, they advanced to meet each other in profound silence, and, after a courteous inclination on either side, they embraced as brethren and equals. The pomp and display upon both sides attracted no farther notice—no one saw aught save Richard and Saladin, and they too beheld nothing but each other. The looks with which Richard surveyed Saladin were, however, more intently curious than those which the sultan fixed upon him; and the sultan also was the first to break silence.

"The Melec Ric is welcome to Saladin as water to this desert. I trust he hath no distrust of this numerous array. Excepting the armed slaves of my household, those who surround you with eyes of wonder and of welcome, are, even the humblest of them, the privileged nobles of my thousand tribes; for who that could claim a title to be present would remain at home when such a prince was to be seen as Richard, with the terrors of whose name, even on the sands of Yemen, the nurse stills her child, and the free Arab subdues his restive steed."

"And these are all nobles of Araby?" said Richard, looking around on wild forms

with their persons covered with haicks, their countenance swart with the sunbeams, their teeth as white as ivory, their black eyes glancing with fierce and preternatural lustre from under the shade of their turbans, and their dress being in general simple, even to meanne-s.

"They claim such rank," said Saladin; "but, though numerous, they are within the conditions of the treaty, and bear no arms but the sabre—even the iron of their lances is left behind."

"I fear," muttered De Vaux in English, "they have left them where they can be soon found.—A most flourishing House of Peers, I confess, and would find Westminster Hall something too narrow for them."

"Hush, De Vaux," said Richard, "I command thee.—Noble Saladin," he said, "suspicion and thou cannot exist on the same ground.—See'st thou," pointing to the litters—"I too have brought some champions with me, though armed, perhaps, in breach of agreement, for bright eyes and fair features are weapons which cannot be left behind."

The soldan, turning to the litters, made an obeisance as lowly as if looking towards Mecca, and kissed the sand in token of respect.

"Nay," said Richard,—"they will not fear a closer encounter, brother; wilt thou not ride towards their litters, and the curtains will be presently withdrawn?"

"That may Allah prohibit!" said Saladin; "since not an Arab looks on who would not think it shame to the noble ladies to be seen with their faces uncovered."

"Thou shalt see them then in private, brother," answered Richard.

"To what purpose?" answered Saladin, mournfully. "Thy last letter was, to the hopes which I had entertained, like water to fire; and wherefore should I again light a flame, which may indeed consume, but cannot cheer me!—But will not my brother pass to the tent which his servant hath prepared for him? My principal black slave hath taken order for the reception of the princesses—the officers of my household will attend your followers, and ourself will be the chamberlain of the royal Richard."

He led the way accordingly to a splendid pavilion, where was everything that royal luxury could devise. De Vaux, who was in attendance, then removed the chappe (*capa*), or long riding-cloak which Richard wore, and he stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength and symmetry of his person, while it bore a strong contrast to the flowing robes which disguised the thin frame of the eastern monarch. It was Richard's two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen, a broad straight blade, the seemingly unwieldy length of which extended well nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

"Had I not," said Saladin, "seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, like that of Azrael, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see the Melec Ric strike one blow with it in peace, and in pure trial of strength?"

"Willingly, noble Saladin," answered Richard; and, looking around for something whereon to exercise his strength, he saw a steel mace, held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal, and about an inch and a half in diameter—this he placed on a block of wood.

The anxiety of De Vaux for his master's honour led him to whisper in English—"For the blessed Virgin's sake, beware what you attempt, my liege! Your full strength is not as yet returned—given no triumph to the infidel."

"Peace, fool!" said Richard, standing firm on his ground, and casting a fierce glance around—"thinkest thou that I can fail in his presence?"

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the king's left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces, as a woodsman would sever a sapling with a hedging-bill.

"By the head of the prophet, a most wonderful blow!" said the soldan, critically and accurately examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder; and the blade of the sword was so well tempered as to exhibit not the least token of having suffered by the feat it had performed.

The lists appointed, everything was prepared for the duel, according to the usages of chivalry:—

A temporary altar was erected just beneath the gallery occupied by the queen, and beside it stood the hermit in the dress of his order, as a Carmelite friar. Other churchmen were also present. To this altar the challenger and defender were successively brought forward, conducted by their respective sponsors. Dismounting before it, each knight avouched the justice of his cause by a solemn oath on the Evangelists, and prayed that his success might be according to the truth or falsehood of what he then swore. They also made oath, that they came to do battle in knightly guise, and with the usual weapons, disclaiming the use of spells, charms, or magical devices, to incline victory to their side. The challenger made his oath with a firm and manly voice, and a bold and cheerful countenance. When the ceremony was finished, he looked at the gallery, and bent his head to the earth, as if in honour of those invisible beauties which were inclosed within; then, loaded with armour as he was, sprung to the saddle without the use of the stirrup, and made his courser carry him in a succession of caracoles to his station at the eastern extremity of the lists. Conrade also presented himself before the altar with boldness enough; but his voice, as he took the oath, sounded hollow, as if drowned in his helmet. The lips, with which he appealed to heaven to adjudge victory to the just quarrel, grew white, as they uttered the impious mockery. As he turned to remount his horse, the grand master approached him closer, as if to rectify something about the sitting of his gorget, and whispered,—“Coward and fool!—recall thy senses, and do me this battle bravely; else, by Heaven, should'st thou escape him, thou escapest not me!”

The savage tone in which this was whispered perhaps completed the confusion of the marquis's nerves, for he stumbled as he made to horse; and, though he recovered his feet, sprung to the saddle with his usual agility, and displayed his address in horsemanship as he assumed his position opposite to the challenger's, yet the accident did not escape those who were on the watch for omens, which might predict the fate of the day.

The priests, after a solemn prayer, that God would show the rightful quarrel, departed from the lists. The trumpets of the challenger then rung a flourish, and a herald-at-arms proclaimed at the eastern end of the lists,—“Here stands a good knight, Sir Kenneth of Scotland, champion for the royal King Richard of England, who accuseth Conrade, marquis of Montserrat, of foul treason and dishonour done to the said king.”

When the words Kenneth of Scotland announced the name and character of the champion, hitherto scarce generally known, a loud and cheerful acclaim burst from the followers of King Richard, and hardly, notwithstanding repeated commands of silence, suffered the reply of the defendant to be heard. He, of course, avouched his innocence, and offered his body for battle. The esquires of the combatants now approached, and delivered to each his shield and lance, assisting to hang the former around his neck, that his two hands might remain free,—one for the management of the bridle, the other to direct the lance.

The shield of the Scott displayed his old bearing, the leopard, but with the addition of a collar and broken chain, in allusion to his late captivity. The shield of the marquis bore, in reference to his title, a serrated and rocky mountain. Each shook his lance aloft, as if to ascertain the weight and toughness of the unwieldy weapon, and then laid it in the rest. The sponsors, heralds, and squires, now retired to the barriers, and the combatants sat opposite to each other, face to face, with couched lance and closed vizor, the human form so completely inclosed, that they looked more like statues of molten iron, than beings of flesh and blood. The silence of suspense was now general—men breathed thicker, and their very souls seemed seated in their eyes, while not a sound was to be heard save the snorting and pawing of the good steeds, who, sensible of what was about to happen, were impatient to dash into career. They stood thus for perhaps three minutes, when, at a signal given by the soldan, an hundred instruments rent the air with their brazen clamours, and each champion striking his horse with the spurs, and slacking the rein, the horses started into full gallop, and the knights met in mid space with a shock like a thunderbolt. The victory was not in doubt—no, not one moment. Conrade, indeed, showed himself a practised warrior; for he struck his antagonist knightly in the midst of his shield, bearing his lance so straight and true, that it shivered into splinters up to the very gauntlet. The horse of Sir Kenneth recoiled two or three yards and fell on his haunches, but the rider easily

raised him with hand and rein. But for Conrade there was no recovery. Sir Kenneth's lance had pierced through the shield, through a plated corslet of Milan steel, through a *secret*, or coat of linked mail, worn beneath the corslet, had wounded him deep in the bosom, and borne him from his saddle, leaving the truncheon of the lance fixed in his wound. The sponsors, heralds, and Saladin himself, descending from his throne, crowded around the wounded man; while Sir Kenneth, who had drawn his sword ere yet he discovered his antagonist was totally helpless, now commanded him to avow his guilt. The helmet was hastily unclosed, and the wounded man, gazing wildly on the skies, replied,—"What would you more?—God hath decided justly—I am guilty—but there are worse traitors in the camp than I.—In pity to my soul, let me have a confessor!"

The Master of the Templars assassinates Conrade, lest he should denounce him, and, proceeding to a banquet given by Saladin, is raising a cup of sherbet to his mouth, when the soldan, who had been informed of the murder, strikes off the head of the treacherous grand master. The story now draws to a close; and it is discovered that Ilderim and El-Hakim were Saladin himself in disguise, and that Sir Kenneth had not only personated the Nubian slave, who saved Richard's life, but that he is the Earl of Huntingdon, and Prince of Scotland, to whom Edith is united; and the soldan gives them the talisman as a nuptial present. Such is an outline of the story of the Talisman, one of the very best romances of the author of Waverley.

*Harry and Lucy Concluded, being the Last Part of 'Early Lessons.'* By MARIA EDGEWORTH. 4 vols. London, 1825. R. Hunter.

THE very sight of a work by Miss Edgeworth awakens delightful emotions. It gives not only the promise of high entertainment and profitable instruction, but of a thousand retrospective pleasures, united most probably to high gratitude for the advantages we have personally derived from her pages in the days of school-boy errors, or during that still more critical period when life was advanced and judgment immature. To whom has she not afforded invaluable lessons? To whom has she not given the purest pleasures? Whether we consider the acuteness of her delineations on character, the unaffected brilliancy of her dialogue, the ease and accuracy of her narrative, the dramatic combinations and developments of her story, and the excellent tendency of the whole, we are alike induced to admire the extent of her knowledge and talents, and to revere the benevolence and philanthropy which led to their exertion.

Preserving that partiality for children, which, happily for them, has led, in years passed, to such beneficial results, and combining with it that deep veneration of lively affection for her father, *his* wishes, and *his* works, which Miss Edgeworth has been long known to possess in an extraordinary degree, she now offers the last aids to education which

can be given to early life. There are many persons who will say they are glad she has finished with children—that she has satisfied her conscience in pouring out the accumulated stores of her cultivated mind and memory in their behalf, and will now have leisure to bestow upon her mature admirers another 'Patronage' or a few volumes of tales; nor do we pretend (with all our love for the rising generation) not to unite most sincerely in the desire thus implied. We do not affect to wish she should repose on her laurels, and rest satisfied, as she well might do, with past labours; on the contrary, we believe that genius is inexhaustible,—that, like jealousy, it 'makes the meat it feeds on,' and that spirits of a higher order never run to lees, though they may, from carelessness, ill-health, and many other causes, present to the world occasionally works unworthy of their own high names. Lord Byron did this; but we nevertheless wish that he were writing for us now. The Great Unknown has done it; but we rejoice that he is still with us, and as capable as ever of 'commanding spirits from the vasty deep' of past times to do his bidding. For Miss Edgeworth there must be no rest on this side the grave, so far as rest implies inaction; but we much question whether, with an imagination so vivid, and habits so trained as her's, rest could be obtained, save in labour: however, for the present, we will 'leave her alone with her glory,' and examine the work before us.

Harry and Lucy, those interesting little personages, with whom, as well as Rosamond and Frank, all our readers, or their children, must be well acquainted, in this work mutually assist each other in examining mechanics, optics, manufactories, electricity, mathematics, &c. Numerous experiments, explanations, and descriptions arise, which may be read by much older persons with advantage than those for whose benefit they are written, but yet are offered with that peculiar adaptation to infantine understandings for which the author is remarkable. In her preface she justly observes,—'Young people of good disposition learn with peculiar ease from each other, because the young teacher has not forgotten his own difficulties; knowing exactly where they lay, he sees how to remove them, or to assist another over the obstacles. The great preceptor, standing on the top of the ladder of learning, can hardly stretch his hand down to the poor urchin at the bottom, looking up to him in despair; but an intermediate companion, who is only a few steps above, can assist him with a helping hand,—can show him where to put his foot in safety; and, now urging, now encouraging, can draw him up to any height within his own attainment.'

The following extract will explain the nature of the work:—

"Well, now to business," said their father. "What do you wish to learn first, Lucy?"

"She said that she wished to be made perfectly acquainted with the air-pump, because Harry had reproached her with not having understood that fine poetic description of it, which she had learned by heart, and repeated.

He said that, to be sure, he could easily make her understand his uncle's air-pump, because she already knew the principle of a common water-pump.

"Do I?" said Lucy, smiling; "I did not know that I knew it;" and here she again thought of the man who had talked prose all his life, without knowing it; but she refrained from making an allusion to him, though it was ready on her lips. Harry recalled to her mind the experiments which their father had shown them two years ago.

"Do not you remember," said he, "the experiment he showed us, with a roll of tape that was put under a wine-glass, which was turned down, and plunged into a basin of water; and then the tape was pulled out, and unrolled by degrees?"

"Lucy remembered all this.

"And what happened," said Harry, "when the tape was pulled from under the glass?"

"Lucy answered, "That the water rose in the glass."

"And why?" said Harry.

"Because, when the tape was taken out, there was left in its place a vacancy, a vacuum you call it; then the water which was in the basin rose into that vacant place."

"And why did it rise?" pursued Harry.

"Because it was pressed by the weight of the air, pressing on all the water in the basin, and it was forced up in the glass, where there was no air, nothing to prevent or resist it."

"Very well; now I am satisfied," said Harry. "You remember it clearly."

"Because I understood it clearly at the time it was first shown to me," said Lucy; "my father was so patient, and explained it to me so slowly and clearly."

"Well," said Harry, "you have proved to me that you understand the first principle on which pumps are made, for all depends on making a vacuum, into which the water rises, or is raised. The first thing to be done is to make a vacuum. Now, Lucy, in a common pump, such as there is in the yard for pumping up water, where do you think the vacuum must be before the water can rise?"

"Lucy said, she supposed that it must be in the inside of the body or tube of the pump."

"Yes, we call it the *bore*," said Harry. "Now tell me how you would make a vacuum within it."

"Oh! my dear Harry, that is too difficult a question for me," said Lucy. "How can I tell how to make a vacuum in the *bore*, as you call it, of a great pump?"

"Where is the difficulty?" said Harry. "Do not be frightened by the word *bore*; or, if you are alarmed by the idea of a great pump, suppose a little one, as small as you please: as small, suppose, as the glass tube of the barometer."

"That would be easy to suppose; but could there be so small a pump?" said Lucy.

"To be sure, as well as of the largest size; only it would raise less water. But now go on straight forward, Lucy, my dear; do not ask me any of your starting-off questions. You must let me ask you questions, and you are to answer!"

"If I can," said Lucy.

"You can, I assure you, my dear," said Harry, in his most persuasive tone, "if you will only believe that you can, and keep steady. I ask you how you would make a vacuum in this tube?"

"Let me consider—let me recollect. What did my father do when he made a vacuum in the wine-glass?" said Lucy to herself. "He put in a roll of tape, which filled up the whole glass, and then drew it out, little by little, so as not to let any air into the glass, while he was pulling it out again. But I cannot get a roll of tape into the small tube," said Lucy.

"No, not a roll of tape," said Harry; "but if you consider what was the purpose or use of putting the roll of tape into the glass, and drawing it out again, you will perceive that putting in and drawing out anything else in the same manner would do as well."

"The purpose was first to force the air that was in the glass out of it," said Lucy, "and to prevent any more afterwards from getting into the place which the tape took up, and which remained vacant as it was drawn out, leaving a vacuum at last."

"Now you are coming on very well, Lucy," said Harry.

"If I can put in anything of any sort into the little tube, which forces the air out, and then if I could keep the air out, there would be a vacuum for you, Harry."

"Very well, you will now quite understand a pump, and you will soon know how to use it, Lucy."

"As to that," said Lucy, "I know how to pump already, only I am not strong enough."

"Stay! stay! Lucy; knowing how to pull a handle up and down, which I suppose is all you mean, is not understanding what I mean by knowing what pumping is, or how it is done."

"I have seen men and maids often pumping at the pump in the yard," said Lucy.

"What happens when they pump?" said Harry.

"The water comes out of the spout, after they have pumped a little while," said Lucy.

"What do you mean by pumping?" persisted Harry.

"I cannot tell you exactly, Harry, because I never saw the inside of the pump. I only know that they move the handle up and down; and I believe there is something fastened to it, which I suppose brings up the water; but I do not know how exactly."

"I believe not, indeed," said Harry; "then you see, Mrs. Quick-Quick, you did not understand what I meant by pumping. Now come with me, and I will show you in my room the nice glass pump which my father made for me. You cannot see into the inside of the pump in the yard, but when once you have seen my glass pump you will understand the inside of all others."

He showed her, in the first place, a glass tube, in which there was a spout near the top. The tube was open at the top, and at the bottom there was a little door or valve, which opened upwards only; he poured wa-

ter into this tube, to show her that the water would rest upon this valve, without its letting any of it through: he then emptied out the water. "Now," said he, "you know there is nothing but air in this tube. Look at this, which is called the piston of a pump." The piston was a cylinder, which fitted tight into the tube; at the top of it there was a valve like that at the bottom of the tube, which also opened one way, and that was upwards. Harry pushed it up several times with his finger, to show Lucy that it opened easily, and he made her feel that it did so. He then put the tube into a tub of water, the tube resting on two blocks of wood, which raised it from the bottom of the tub, so that there was room for the water to flow in through the lowest valve. Lucy, as he desired, held the glass tube upright, while he pushed down the piston, to which there was a long handle.

"Now, Lucy, what happens within-side of the tube?" said Harry.

"Nothing that I know of," said she; "but that you have pressed the air in the tube closer together."

"Very true; do you see the valve at the bottom? Is it shut or open?"

Lucy said it was shut.

"And what keeps it shut?"

"The air that you are pressing down upon it," said Lucy.

He pressed the piston down farther.

"Now look again," said he, "and tell me what happens."

"I see the little door at the top of the piston open," said she.

Harry asked her what she thought had opened it.

"The air," said she, "underneath it, which I suppose you could not compress any more, and which has forced its way up."

He now drew up the piston, and again asked what happened. Lucy saw the valve at the top of the piston shut, and she saw the water rush through the valve at the bottom of the glass pump, and rise in its tube. And when Harry again plunged down the piston, the water came through the valve in the piston, and when he drew it up again it carried up all the water to the top of the tube, where it flowed out of the spout.

"Just as it does in the great real pump," said Lucy.

"And now you do know what I mean by pumping," said Harry.

He pumped on for some time, and then let her take the handle, and work for herself. He questioned her, and made her repeat her explanation, till he was satisfied, and she was satisfied, that she clearly understood, that the thing to be done in pumping, and by pumping, is to force the air out of a certain space, to produce a vacancy or vacuum, into which the water rushes and rises; "Or rather," said Harry, "to speak more accurately, is pressed and supported by the surrounding air and water. Perhaps I ought to tell you, that there is no perfect vacuum; but I will not be too exact with you at first, lest I should tire you: therefore I will not tell you all the differences between a lifting-pump, and a sucking-pump, and a forcing-pump; besides, I am not sure that I know them all my-

self. I will not tell you even about water always finding its own level."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Lucy.

This work is in four volumes, which are remarkably well got up—a matter of great consequence in all books designed for youth, especially one of the present description.

*Traditions of Edinburgh; or, Sketches and Anecdotes of the City in former Times.* By ROBERT CHAMBERS. Parts I. to IV. 12mo. Edinburgh and London, 1825.

SOME of the parts of this work have reached a second, and even a third, edition; nor are we in the least surprised at it, as they contain many curious anecdotes and interesting recollections of Edinburgh, well worthy of permanent record.

As there is neither prospectus nor preface, we are left to judge of the plan of the work from the parts which have already appeared, and not from any detail of its nature and objects by the author. The first three parts are appropriated to an account of old houses, remarkable for their architecture, from their having been the birthplace or residence of some distinguished person, or from some extraordinary circumstances connected with them. The fourth part, which commences the second volume, contains an account of the most remarkable characters of the last century. Without much attention to method or arrangement, the author leads us in an agreeable gossiping style along the *wynds* and streets, not of *Modern Athens*, but of the old town of Edinburgh, and, like a good guide, points out everything worthy of notice to our attention, relating, at the same time, the anecdotes connected with each. We greatly admire the plan and execution of the work, and trust that Mr. Chambers will have all the assistance his fellow-townsmen can give him, to perpetuate the traditions of Edinburgh; nor would we have him relinquish his work without an illustrative volume of views of the most remarkable objects.

Mr. Chambers commences with remarking the singular vicissitude the ancient part of Edinburgh has experienced within the last century; the houses which, in 1773, were the mansions of the higher ranks are now the habitations of persons of the humblest class of society: he then gives a very good sketch of the history of Edinburgh, tracing its progress through distant ages. In this we shall not follow the author, but discursively quote a few of the many interesting anecdotes with which the work abounds; and, first,—

*The Union.*—It has been mentioned in several late works, that the union was signed in a summer-house, or harbour, in the garden behind the Earl of Murray's house, in the Canongate. But this, though an extremely curious fact, is only part of the truth, if a still more recondite tradition, which we have now the pleasure of recording, is to be relied upon. It is allowed by our authority, that four lords commissioners signed the union in the said harbour; but the mobs, which then kept the city in a state of the most outrageous disorder, getting knowledge of what was going on, the commissioners were interrupted in their

proceedings, and had to settle upon meeting in a more retired place, when opportunity offered. An obscure cellar in the high street was fixed upon, and hired in the most secret manner. The noblemen whose signatures had not been procured in the summer-house then met under cloud of night, and put their names to the detested contract; after which they all immediately decamped for London, before the people were stirring in the morning, when they might have been discovered and prevented. The place in which the deed was thus finally accomplished is pointed out as that *lugh shop*, opposite to Hunter's Square, entering below Mr. Spankie's shop, being No. 177, High Street, and now occupied as a tavern and coach-office, by Mr. Peter Macgregor. It was, in remote times, usually called the Union Cellar, but has entirely lost that designation in latter years.

*Ostentation.*—‘It was formerly considered a great affair to go out to George's Square to dinner; and on such an occasion a gentleman would stand half an hour at the Cross, in his full dress, with powdered and bagged hair, sword and cane, in order to tell his friends *with whom and where he was going to dine!*’

*Argyle Square.*—‘Argyle Square appears to be of considerably older date than the other new streets erected in the Old Town. A tradition has been communicated to us, which places its date nearly ninety years back. It is said to have got its name upon the following very curious occasion. A tailor, in London, named Campbell, having secured the good graces of his chief, the Duke of Argyle, was promised the first favour which that nobleman's acquaintance and interest with the court should throw in his way. Accordingly, upon the death of George the First, which took place abroad, the duke receiving very early intelligence, concealed it from the whole court for a few hours, and only divulged the important news to his friend, the tailor, who, ere his less-favoured brethren in trade were aware, went and bought up all the black cloth in town, and forthwith drove such a trade in supplying people with mournings, at his own prices, that he shortly realized a little fortune, and laid the foundation of a greater. This he afterwards employed in building a few of the houses in Argyle Square, and conferred that name on them in honour of his patron.’

‘Another, and perhaps more authentic account, bears, that Argyle Square got its name from George Campbell, wright-burgess of Edinburgh, who, as we learn from *writs*, built tenements in the square previous to 1756. We have been told that this George Campbell was nick-named *the curse of Scotland*, from his name being the same with that of the detested personage who commanded the truculent party at Glencoe, whose warrant for the proceedings of his party is said to have been written on the back of a nine-of-diamonds card. We still hear this card occasionally called *the curse of Scotland*.’

*Value of Property.*—‘A well-authenticated tradition affirms, that, about ninety years ago, the magistrates offered, to a residenter of Canonmills, all the ground between Gabriel's Road and the Gallowlee, in perpetual

feu, at the annual rent of a crown bowl of punch; but so utterly worthless was the land, producing only heath and whins, that the offer was rejected. The territory in question would at this day be worth ten thousand pounds a year; and there is every probability that that value will shortly be doubled.’

*Sand-Glass.*—‘In Dr. Cullen's time, it was the custom of physicians to use a sand-glass instead of a watch, in counting the pulses of their patients. I have seen the sand-glass which Dr. Cullen used to carry about with him, in his large skirt-pocket. It is twice as large as the common kitchen sand-glasses of modern times, and resembles in shape the uncouth chronometers which are so prevalent upon old grave-stones. Considering it valuable as a memorial of former customs, and still more so as a relic of the illustrious Cullen, I exerted myself in obtaining it from the hands of a private individual, and it is now in the possession of one who can well appreciate its value—Sir Walter Scott.’

*William Mitchell.*—‘William Mitchell, a crazed white-iron smith, lived in a cellar at the Bow Head, and occasionally held forth as an orator or preacher. What his peculiar tenets were we do not strictly know, but understand them to have been founded upon the opinions held by the rigid party of the church of Scotland before the revolution. Mr. Mitchell was altogether a strange mixture of fanaticism, madness, and humour. He published many pamphlets and single sheets, very full of amusing nonsense and generally adorned with a wooden cut of the Mitchell arms. Some of his poetry was reprinted about twenty years ago by Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, in small parcels, and sold at one penny. His verses possess humour equal to that of some of (his cotemporary) Allan Ramsay's, but are debased by great coarseness and obscenity. In one of his prose pieces, he gives a curious account of a journey which he made into France, where, he affirms, “the king's court is six times bigger than the King of Britain's; his guards have all feathers in their hats, and their horse-tails are to their heels; and their king is one of the best-favoured boys that you can look upon,—blythe like, with black hair; and all his people are better natured in general than the Scots or English, except the priests. Their women seem to be modest, for they have no fardingales. The greatest wonder I saw in France, was to see the braw people fall down on their bended kness on the clarty ground, when the priest comes by carrying the cross, to give a sick person the sacrament.”’

*The Queensberry Family.*—‘Duchess Catherine, before her marriage, had been confined in a *strait-jacket*, on account of mental derangement; and her conduct in married life was frequently such as to entitle her to a repetition of the same treatment. She was, in reality, insane, though the politeness of fashionable society, and the flattery of her poetical friends, seem rather to have attributed her extravagancies to an agreeable freedom of carriage and vivacity of mind. What confirms this opinion, is, that her brother was as clever and as mad as herself, and used to

amuse himself by hiding a book in his library and hunting for it after he had forgot where it was deposited.

‘Her grace was no admirer of Scottish manners. One of their habits she particularly detested,—the custom of eating off the end of a knife, which is still too prevalent in this “nation of gentlemen.” When people dined with her at Drumlanrig, and began to lift their food in this manner, she used to scream out, and beseech them not to cut their throats; and then she would horrify the offending persons, by sending them a silver spoon or fork upon a salver.

‘When in Scotland, her grace always dressed herself in the garb of a peasant girl. This she seems to have done in order to ridicule and put out of countenance the stately dresses and demeanor of the Scottish gentlewomen who visited her. One evening some country ladies paid her a visit, dressed in their best brocades, as for some state occasion. Her grace proposed a walk, and they were of course under the disagreeable necessity of trooping off in all the splendour of full dress, to the utter discomfiture of their starched-up frills and flounces. Her grace, at last, pretending to be tired, sat down upon the dirtiest dunghill she could find, at the end of a farm-house, and invited the poor draggled fine ladies to seat themselves around her. They stood so much in awe of her, that they durst not refuse. Her grace had the exquisite satisfaction of spoiling all their silks. Let womankind conceive, as only womankind can, the rage and spite that must have possessed their bosoms, and the battery of female tongues that must have opened upon her grace, so soon as they were free from the restraint of her presence!

‘When she went out to an evening-entertainment and found a tea-equipage paraded which she thought too fine for the rank of the owner, she would contrive to overset the table and break the china. The forced politeness of her hosts on such occasions, and the assurances which they made her grace that no harm was done, &c., delighted her exceedingly.

‘Her custom of dressing like a *paysanne* once occasioned her grace a disagreeable adventure at a review. On her attempting to approach the duke, the guard, not knowing her rank or relation to him, pushed her rudely back. This put her into such a passion, that she could not be appeased till his grace assured her that the men had been all soundly flogged for their insolence.

‘An anecdote scarcely less laughable is told of her grace, as occurring at court, where she carried to the same extreme her attachment to plain dealing and plain dressing. An edict had, it seems, been issued, forbidding the ladies to appear at the drawing-room in aprons. This was disregarded by the duchess, whose rustic costume would have been by no means complete without that piece of dress. On approaching the door, the lord in waiting stopped the duchess, and told her that he could not possibly give her grace admission in that guise, when she, without a moment's hesitation, stripped off her apron, threw it in his lordship's face, and walked

on, in her brown gown and petticoat, into the brilliant circle!

Some very curious anecdotes are related of Lord Lovat, who suffered on Tower Hill, for the rebellion in 1745; but they are not creditable to his memory. In an account of Lord Alva's second daughter, Jane Erskine, who became the wife of Mr. Kirkpatrick, of Ellerland, Mr. Chambers inserts an unpublished elegy, by Lord Hailes. It is as follows:—

'From heath-clad hills return'd, and deserts drear,

With raptures I beheld my native shore;  
Short gleam of joy!—fame sounded in my ear,  
"Thy much-lov'd friend Amanda is no more."

'Oh, she was gentle all, of blameless truth;  
Unstain'd her purity, her sense sublime,  
Mature her judgment in the bloom of youth—  
And was this flow'et cropt before its time!

'She died—eternal wisdom so decreed;  
Dread Father, we submit—thy will be done!  
Yet must our hearts with fond remembrance bleed,

Yet friendship must bewail Amanda gone.

'Witness the tears that for Amanda flow,  
Witness her kindred sore with grief oppress'd,  
Witness her hoary parent's pensive woe,  
And sighs quick throbbing from her consort's breast.

'Ill-fated man, thy plaints I much approve,  
With thee I'll mourn, of every groan partake,  
Yet oh! regard the pledges of her love,  
And stay thy sorrow for her children's sake!

'Tis thine to guard their innocence from ill,  
To check by blame, to cherish by applause,  
'Tis thine to bend their yet untutor'd will,  
And mould their tender souls to reason's laws.

'Amanda, partner of my soul, farewell!—  
My soul shall ever for thine absence mourn:  
Rememb'ring thee, the faithful muse shall tell,  
That humble virtues best thy sex adorn.

'Go, seraph—go—thy native skies regain,  
The mansions bless'd of immortality—  
Thy death hath taught us all below is vain,  
May thine example teach us how to die!\*

We are unwilling to trespass on this truly interesting work, but shall have an opportunity of turning to it again, when some more numbers appear.

#### LETTERS FROM HORACE WALPOLE.

(Continued from p. 410.)

THE parliamentary debates at this period were very incorrectly reported, and Walpole mentions many speeches, particularly a brilliant one by General Conway, which is nowhere to be found. The subject was Wilkes:—

'Imagine,' says Walpole, 'fire, rapidity, argument, knowledge, wit, ridicule, grace, spirit; all pouring like a torrent, but without clashing. Imagine the house in a tumult of continued applause: imagine the ministers thunder-struck, lawyers abashed and almost blushing, for it was on their quibbles and evasions he fell most heavily, at the same time answering a whole session of arguments on the side of the court. No, it was *unique*; you can neither conceive it, nor the excla-

\* Taken *verbatim* from a copy in the possession of one of Mrs. Kirkpatrick's descendants.'

mations it occasioned. Ellis, the forlorn hope, Ellis presented himself in the gap, till the ministers could recover themselves, when on a sudden Lord George Sackville *led up the Blues*, spoke with as much warmth as your brother had, and with great force continued the attack which he had begun.'

Here Walpole tinges his approbation of Lord George's politics by this allusion to Minden, where his lordship had *not* 'led up the Blues.' Now for a *bon-mot*:—

'Before I have done with Charles Townshend, I must tell you one of his admirable *bon-mots*. Miss Draycote, the great fortune, is grown very fat: he says her *tonnage* is become equal to her *poundage*.'

To relish Mr. Townshend's jest, one must recollect that, in the finance of that day, the duties of *tonnage* and *poundage* held a principal place. The following extracts, from a letter written on the 15th of February, 1764, relate to the debates on general warrants:—

'My dear Lord,—You ought to be witness to the fatigue I am suffering, before you can estimate the merit I have in being writing to you at this moment. Cast up eleven hours in the House of Commons on Monday, and above seventeen hours yesterday,—ay, seventeen at length,—and then you may guess if I am tired! nay, you must add seventeen hours that I may possibly be there on Friday, and calculate if I am weary. In short, yesterday then was the longest day ever known in the House of Commons—why, on the Westminster election at the end of my father's reign, I was at home by six. On Alexander Murray's affair, I believe, by five—on the militia, twenty people, I think, sat till six, but then they were only among themselves, no heat, no noise, no roaring. It was half an hour after seven this morning before I was at home. Think of that, and then brag of your French parliaments!

'What is ten times greater, Leonidas and the Spartan *minority* did not make such a stand at Thermopylae, as we did. Do you know, we had like to have been the *majority*? Xerxes\* is frightened out of his senses; Sygambist† has sent an express to Luton to forbid Phraates‡ coming to town to-morrow; Norton's§ impudence has forsaken him; Bishop Warburton is at this moment reinstating Mr. Pitt's name in the dedication to his sermons, which he had expunged for Sandwich's||; and Sandwich himself is—at

\* The king, George III.

† The princess dowager.

‡ Lord Bute. Luton was his seat in Bedfordshire.

§ Mr. Walpole was too sanguine: Sir Fletcher had not even lost his *boldness*, for in the further progress of the adjourned debate we shall find that he told the house that he would regard their resolution of no more value (*in point of law*, must be understood) than the vociferations of so many *drunken porters*.

|| Lord Sandwich was an agreeable companion and an able minister; but one whose moral character did not point him out as exactly the fittest patron for a volume of sermons; and he was at this moment so unpopular, that Mr. Walpole affects to think he may have been intimidated to fly.'

Paris, perhaps, by this time, for the first thing I expect to hear to-morrow is that he is gone off.

'Now are you mortally angry with me for trifling with you, and not telling you at once the particulars of this *almost-revolution*. You may be angry, but I shall take my own time, and shall give myself what airs I please both to you, my lord ambassador, and to you, my lord secretary of state, who will, I suppose, open this letter—if you have courage enough left. In the first place, I assume all the impertinence of a prophet,—aye, of that great curiosity, a prophet, who really prophesied before the event, and whose predictions have been accomplished. Have I, or have I not, announced to you the unexpected blows that would be given to the administration?—Come, I will lay aside my dignity, and satisfy your impatience. There's moderation.

'We sat all Monday hearing evidence against Mr. Wood, that dirty wretch Webb, and the messengers, for their illegal proceedings against Mr. Wilkes. At midnight, Mr. Grenville offered us to adjourn or proceed. Mr. Pitt humbly begged not to eat or sleep till so great a point should be decided. On a division, in which though many said *aye* to adjourning, nobody would go out for fear of losing their seats, it was carried by three hundred and seventy-nine to thirty-one, for proceeding—and then—half the house went away. The ministers representing the indecency of this, and Fitzherbert saying that many were within call, Stanley observed, that, after voting against adjournment, a third part had adjourned themselves, when, instead of being within *call*, they ought to have been within *hearing*: this was unanswerable, and we adjourned.

'Yesterday we fell to again. It was one in the morning before the evidence was closed. Carrington, the messenger, was alone examined for seven hours. This old man, the cleverest of all ministerial terriers, was pleased with recounting his achievements, yet perfectly guarded and betraying nothing. However, the *arcana imperii* have been wofully laid open.

'I have heard Garrick, and other players, give themselves airs of fatigue after a long part—think of the speaker, nay think of the clerks taking most correct minutes for sixteen hours, and reading them over to every witness; and then let me hear of fatigue! Do you know, not only my Lord Temple,—who you may swear never budged as spectator,—but old Will Chetwynd, now past eighty, and who had walked to the house, did not stir a single movement out of his place, from three in the afternoon till the division at seven in the morning. Nay, we had *patriotesses*, too, who staid out the whole: Lady Rockingham and Lady Sondes the first day; both again the second day, with Miss Mary Pelham, Mrs. Fitzroy, and the Duchess of Richmond, as patriot as any of us. Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. George Pitt, and Lady Pembroke, came after the opera, but I think did not stay above seven or eight hours at most.'

On a division there were for the ministers two hundred and seven; against them one hun-

dred and ninety-seven, upon which Walpole, who was in the minority, well observes, that a majority of only ten is a defeat. In concluding his letter, he says—

‘Well! now would you believe how I feel and how I wish? I wish we may continue the minority. The desires of some of my associates, perhaps, may not be satisfied, but mine are. Here is an opposition formidable enough to keep abler ministers than messieurs the present gentlemen in awe. They may pick pockets, but they will pick no more locks. While we continue a minority, we shall preserve our characters, and we have some too good to part with. I hate to have a camp to plunder; at least, I am so Whig, I hate all spoils but the *opima spolia*. I think it, too, much more creditable to control ministers than to be ministers—and much more creditable than to be mere ministers ourselves.’

On another debate, the ministerial majority was only two hundred and thirty-two to two hundred and eighteen, and great exertions were made to strengthen the numbers. Walpole says—

‘You would have almost laughed to see the spectres produced by both sides; one would have thought that they had sent a search-warrant for members of Parliament into every hospital. Votes were brought down in flannels and blankets, till the floor of the house looked like the pool of Bethesda. ‘Tis wonderful that half of us are not dead—I should not say *us*; Herculean I have not suffered the least, except that, from being a Hercules of ten grains, I don’t believe I now weigh above eight. I felt from nothing so much as the noise, which made me as drunk as an owl—you may imagine the clamours of two parties so nearly matched, and so impatient to come to a decision.

‘The Duchess of Richmond has got a fever with the attendance of Tuesday—but on Friday we were forced to be unpolite. The Amazons came down in such squadrons, that we were forced to be denied. However, eight or nine of the patriotesses dined in one of the speaker’s rooms, and stayed there till twelve—nay, worse, while their dear country was at stake, I am afraid they were playing at loo!’

Mr. Walpole is as attentive to the doings in the drawing-room as in the Chapel of St. Stephen’s; but, though he frequented balls, would not ‘turn a ball and dust, and dirt, and a million of candles, into his charming new gallery at Strawberry.’ A ball given by the Duchess of Queensberry is thus described:—

‘Last Thursday the Duchess of Queensberry gave a ball, opened it herself with a minuet, and danced two country dances; as she had enjoined every body to be with her by six, to sup at twelve, and go away directly. Of the Campbell sisters, all were left out but Lady Strathford. Lady Rockingham and Lady Sondes, who, having had colds, deferred sending answers, received notice that their places were filled up, and that they must not come; but were pardoned on submission. A card was sent to invite Lord and Lady Cardigan, and Lord Beaulieu, instead of Lord Montagu. This, her grace protested, was by accident.

Lady Cardigan was very angry, and yet went. Except these flights, the only extraordinary thing the duchess did, was to do nothing extraordinary, for I do not call it very mad that, some pique happening between her and the Duchess of Bedford, the latter had this distich sent to her,—

“Come with a whistle, and come with a call,  
Come with a good will, or come not at all.”

‘I do not know whether what I am going to tell you did not border a little upon Moorfields. The gallery where they danced was very cold. Lord Lorn, George Selwyn, and I, retired into a little room, and sat comfortably by the fire. The duchess looked in, said nothing, and sent a smith to take the hinges of the door off. We understood the hint, and left the room, and so did the smith the door. This was pretty legible.’

We shall conclude for the present with one of the editor’s anecdotes connected with Helvetius:—

‘He was the author of a dull book, misnamed *De l’Esprit*. We cannot resist repeating a joke made about this period on the occasion of a requisition made by the French ministry to the government of Geneva, that it should seize copies of this book *De l’Esprit* and Voltaire’s *Pucelle d’Orleans*, which were supposed to be collected there in order to be smuggled into France. The worthy magistrates were said to have reported that, after the most diligent search they could find in their whole town no trace “*De l’Esprit*, et pas une *Pucelle*.”’

(To be concluded in our next.)

*The Poet’s Pilgrimage: an Allegorical Poem, in Four Cantos.* By J. PAYNE COLLIER. Small 4to. pp. 120. London, 1825. Prowett.

AN accidental circumstance is said to have led to the publication of the Poet’s Pilgrimage: the author submitted it, in manuscript, to Mr. Charles Lamb, with a letter subscribed with his initials, requesting his opinion on its merits. Mr. Lamb thought it had come from Mr. Carey, the translator of Dante, and sent it to that gentleman in return, as he thought, with a letter, advising him to print it forthwith; an *éclaircissement* ensued, and Mr. Collier, flattered by the praise of a gentleman of Mr. Lamb’s acumen, determined to follow the advice given, and sent the Poet’s Pilgrimage into the world. We scarcely know whether to congratulate the author on his good fortune or not, as, whatever may be the merit of the poem, neither the subject nor the style are of an attractive nature. The Poet’s Pilgrimage, as the author acknowledges, in a dedicatory sonnet to Mr. Lamb,—

‘Emulates the antique school;  
Is written on that model, plan, and rule.’

It is, in fact, an imitation of Spenser though only so far as regards the stanza, for the poem is original enough in other respects. The style and subject are, however, alike unpromising, and we suspect even Byron himself could never have made them popular. Mr. Collier, therefore, must not be surprised if his admirers are few, though they may be such as to give their admiration the highest

value. We would gladly give an extract, but it is not easy to detach a few stanzas which, unconnectedly, would be deemed interesting to our readers, or that would at all do justice to a poem which possesses much vigour, and displays a fine poetical imagination.

*The Economist of Time; or, Golden Rules for becoming ‘Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise.’ The Practical Economist of Time, and Moral Improver.* London, 1825. Cole.

It is not a little remarkable, that many persons, with whom time is the only estate, act as if it was an entail that could not be alienated, or a property that could not be destroyed. We allude not to the mere idler, who is but a cumberer of the ground, who lives to eat, and does not eat to live; but there are many persons who waste time, more from a want of method than from indolence. The two little works now published form an excellent monitor and guide against this. The first dwells on the importance of a due employment of time, as conducive to happiness; and the second gives directions how best to employ it, and record our actions, so as to form a stimulus or warning for the future. These two useful volumes are got up with much taste.

*Truth and Fashion: a Sketch.* By F. R—N. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1825. Whittaker.

THE truth of nature and the ‘unreal mockery’ of fashion are well contrasted in this novel, which is a clever sketch of society in high life. It exhibits a fine pattern of the fatal effects of vanity, and, as such, its moral is instructive, while the story itself is interesting.

*A Letter to the Right Hon. George Canning, on Usurpation in Boroughs.* By J. E. ELWORTHY. 8vo. pp. 25. London, 1825.

MR. ELWORTHY having been for some time employed in the investigation of some records of the boroughs in Devon and Cornwall, has discovered that, ‘in a majority of the chartered boroughs of those counties, the present right of selecting the burgesses, which is assumed by the aldermen or capital burgesses, is wholly illegal, and unauthorized either by the general law or the particular charters of each place;’ that it is, in fact, a continuation or revival of the usurpations of Charles II. and James II.; and that ‘the inhabitant householders of these boroughs, enrolled and sworn at the court leet, are the *liberi et legales homines* of the borough, who are the burgesses, and, as such, entitled to vote for members of Parliament.’ These facts Mr. Elworthy labours to establish, and, we think, with much plausibility; at all events, the subject is worthy of investigation, and, if he can get the inhabitant householders of those abominations in the representative government, the Cornish boroughs, to petition Parliament, an investigation may be instituted, which, if it does not settle the question, may elicit much important information on the subject. The pamphlet is well worthy the attention of the legislature and the public.

## ORIGINAL.

A TWO-DAYS' JOURNEY IN IRELAND.  
THE FIRST DAY.

'WHERE can this establishment be?' inquired I of my worthy host: 'monasteries and nunneries are so rare, in these modern times, that I am determined to visit it, before I bid Ireland adieu?' 'O,' said Joey, 'the distance is nothing—the walk full of pleasantness—the weather promises to be fair—and, with your permission, I will accompany you to the place.' 'Very well,' I replied, 'so let it be, and to-morrow the day.'

The above formed a part of our discourse, at a charming little cottage, where I had the good fortune to be a visitor, a few evenings ago; certainly one of the most rustic and inviting I have ever seen, in any part of the world. The pencil would convey a much better idea of it than the pen can do; but neither the one nor the other can do justice to the kind-heartedness and amiable simplicity of its possessors. These were the afore-said Joe, and his maiden sister, Pamela, both well stricken in years, without being troubled with any great share either of the wisdom or frailties of grey hairs: they have lived through life in single blessedness, all in all to each other, their chief object being to enjoy comfort and banish care; an intention which, limited as are their circumstances, they manage well to fulfil, in that reciprocal accommodation and regard which makes every hearth where it exists hallowed by its presence. They are both very perfect, though very innocent oddities, differing in their whimsicalities, it is true, but so thoroughly acquainted with their various habits, that there arises no jarring of interests in the indulgence.

Joe was formerly an important limb of the British government, being clerk in the excise, which enabled him to sport his hunter and his dogs; and, although scarcely five feet high, and not more than seven stone in weight, a finer Nimrod never sat on saddle, since the days of that noted heathen. But he was destined, like other mortals, to taste the sweets, mingled with the bitters, of life; and a reformation in the state sent him, with thousands more, to the 'right about.' His heart would certainly have been broken, had it not been for the equanimity of his temper, which taught him to exchange the pleasures he enjoyed, on his high-mettled steed, for the more humble amusements of transplanting cabbages, bobbing for eels, trolling for pike, and sundry other less-aspiring pursuits. Thus he now passes away life, and, though somewhat given to the reflecting mood, forgets his cares, and is quite happy when he can talk over past scenes with a friend. He is so well satisfied with this world, that he is not at all anxious to exchange it for a better; and a cheerful fireside, which he sits to enjoy in an old easy arm-chair, with a glass of whiskey punch at his elbow, constitute a sort of earthly heaven in his estimation. Casuists may determine whether Joe be happy in reality: for my part, I think many go a much more round-about way to find it, without being equally successful.

The intended morning of our excursion

teemed with rain, and compelled us to be content, for that day at least, with less honourable company than holy friars. Being thus deprived of my darling amusement, a walk, I should certainly have been put to hard shifts in passing away time, but for the amiable Pamela, who contrived to entertain me, by displaying the goodly stores of many a former generation. Old china, grotesque fans, mouldering books, were hauled into daylight, from those dark recesses where they had slept for ages, for my inspection; and I could not help imagining how many fair hands had flirted with those cooling appendages of fashion gone by, how many ruby lips had encircled the rings of her delicate tea-cups; how many eyes, now closed for ever, had wept over the pathetic tales which her ancient library contained.

Towards the middle of the day, the weather becoming less inauspicious, I was tempted to stroll about the cottage, that I might contemplate on the many highly picturesque openings which different positions afforded; and I should indeed have gone a long way before I fell in with their fellow. There were mountain and dale, river and streamlet, and a murmuring cascade. There were fields green as emeralds, and others white as snow: the first, the rich verdure of nature; the last, good linen bleaching in the air. Immediately beneath the hanging ground on which I stood, peeped out the unassuming roof of my friend's cottage; and I almost fancied I could smell the excellent culinary fare, which an unusual smoke, as it soared up from the chimney, announced to be preparing.

Thus passed away the hours until dinner; after which ceremony, whiskey being in free requisition, my host became quite a different character; for he is naturally extremely taciturn, and it is only occasionally, when the presence of a companion stimulates him to ply the glass briskly, that we can catch a glimpse of the true metal in his composition. Under such circumstances, Joe becomes a talkative facetious associate, his wit coming out in an exact ratio with the quantity of punch that goes in; and, as he by no means stinted himself in this article, we had an amazing flow of volubility from that eccentric little gentleman. One of his most favourite stories, on such impulses, is one where he was pressed into the service of his most gracious Majesty, as a vidette, in the year of the great rebellion, one evening, just about dusk, on his return from hunting, by a regiment of militia; which, being pretty nearly surrounded by parties of the enemy, and strange in the land, had fallen into a somewhat unpleasant predicament. Joe pleaded hard to be excused, alleging his own fatigue, and the broken-down condition of his horse, which, after the hard day's run they had encountered, had scarcely a leg to stand on; but the emergency of the moment admitted of no such palliatives, and he was obliged to comply, with as good an appearance of grace as a loyal subject under such provoking circumstances could muster. Thus travelled they, hour after hour, through the long night, my host flanked by the colonel on the right, and the major on the other side, ostensibly to bear

him company and show him attention, but, in reality, to prevent him giving them the slip, a suspicion which, in justice to his patriotism, he never once merited. Towards daybreak, the report of a musket from the foremost of the vanguard caused an immediate halt in the whole body; and, to the first sub-division of grenadiers, for the regiment was marching in pretty close column of half companies, the words, 'carry arms,' 'ready,' were given, while the few men who formed the advance fell back on the corps. Joe assures me he felt by no means comfortable during the ceremony, and bitterly lamented his hard fate, which placed him in the front of this band of heroes, who were now preparing to defend the pass, and make it as renowned as Thermopylae; but these surmises were quickly dispelled by the arrival of an orderly from the party which occasioned the alarm, announcing it as a company of horse, of the — regiment, on its march to head-quarters, at —. He also brought the comfortable assurance that the road was open in front, and of such a nature as to afford no ambuscade for the enemy. My friend's services, therefore, were no longer necessary, and he had the gratification, in return for the fatiguing and anxious night he had endured, to receive thanks in the name of the king, and to be greeted by a hearty cheer from the men when he bade them 'good morning,' to avail himself of the proximity of a farmhouse, where he hoped to find refreshment for man and horse. Joe, having less mercy on me than I have on the reader, contrived to draw out this adventure to a very tolerable length, in which he was materially aided by sundry intervening puffs from his long aldermanic pipe; and though, as I observed before, he is not naturally loquacious, on this occasion, I should have had reason to think him materially altered, if it had not been for the well-timed visit of a neighbour, a man who has excited as much fear and superstition in the humbler class, as he has made inroads on the esteem of the higher, by his humour, his tact, and his integrity.

This was no less a personage than that prince of conjurors and excellent ventriloquist, Monsieur —, better known on the continents of Europe and America than in England. He has had the prudence and success to turn the 'black art' to good account, and, while yet a young man, has retired upon a handsome independence. I found him a very pleasant companion, as singular in his opinions as in his calling; but, for all that, perfectly willing to listen to others. He is about forty, by no means deficient in sound common sense or abilities, and quite excelling in the *supernatural*. He is a good-looking portly German, the quintessence of buckism and gallantry; so that he is conspicuous in embroidery and love of the fair. He is quite the travelled gentleman, having rendered himself a public character in most of the European capitals and in America. He speaks several languages with fluency, and is so conversant with wonders, that the eruptions of volcanos and the falls of Niagara are mere squibs and waterspouts in his estimation. In one word, he is a thorough oddity:

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he combines the solid reasoning of his own country with the animation of France and the impudence of Ireland. An Englishman he is not like; and he candidly acknowledges Britain to be least congenial of the four with his taste. He fluted and danced and sung and ventriloquized with great effect; read the countenance like another Lavater; and, in fact, amused me so much, that I shall always rank the evening which I spent in company with Monsieur ——— and our fair auxiliaries, not forgetting my little peripatetic friend in the elbow-chair, as one of the pleasantest of my life. ALOST.

#### THE LEE-PENNY, OR LEE-STONE.

THE Lee-penny, the history of which has suggested to the author of *Waverley* the idea and the incidents of *The Talisman*, the second tale in his new work, is a curious piece of antiquity belonging to the family of Lee, in Scotland, and now in possession of its representative, Sir Charles Macdonald Lockhart, Bart., of Lee and Carnwath, in Lanarkshire.

The Lee-penny is a stone of a dark red colour and triangular shape, of about half an inch size on each side; it is set in a piece of silver coin, which is supposed to be a shilling of Edward I. The Lee-penny, or Lee-stone, as it is sometimes called, is traditionally said to have been in the Lee family since about the year 1320, and was obtained by Simon Locard, of Lee, who accompanied one of the Douglasses to the Holy Land, to fulfil the wish of King Robert Bruce, who ordered that his heart should be buried in Palestine. The honour of bearing the heart was conferred on Simon Locard, who, on this account, changed his name to Lockhart, or Lockheart, and got a heart within a lock, with the motto *Corda serata Fero*. During this expedition he took a Saracen chief prisoner, whose wife came to ransom him: as she counted out the jewels or money (which we suspect was no small sum, for Simon had been compelled to raise a loan, for which he granted an annuity of £10 during the life of the lender, previously to his setting out), this stone fell out of her purse. She hastily snatched it up, which Simon observing, insisted to include it in ransom for the prisoner. The lady, with true conjugal affection, gave him the stone, and related its many virtues; she assured him it cured all diseases in cattle, and the bite of a mad dog both in man and beast.

Such is the history of the celebrated Lee-penny, the use of which did not cease when it was transferred from the Saracen to the hardy son of Scotia. It was used by dipping the stone in water, which was afterwards given to the cattle to drink; in cases of the bite of a mad dog the wound, or part infected, was washed with the water. No words were used in dipping the stone, nor was any money to be taken by the servants without incurring the owner's displeasure.

Many are the cures said to have been performed by the Lee-penny, and people have been known to go from all parts of Scotland, and even from Yorkshire, to procure some of the water in which the stone is dipped, to give to their cattle when ill of the murrain or black leg.

Such faith had the people in the magic virtues of the Lee-penny, that John Knox anathematized it in vain; and when, long after, a complaint was made in the ecclesiastical courts of Scotland against the Laird of Lee, then Sir James Lockhart, for using witchcraft, all Scotland felt indignant.

It is said, that when the plague was last at Newcastle, the inhabitants sent for the Lee-penny, and gave a bond for a large sum in trust for the loan, and that they thought it did so much good, that they offered to pay the money and keep the Lee-penny; but its possessor would not part with it.

The most remarkable cure related as having been effected by the Lee-penny was about the commencement of the last century, on Lady Baird, of Saughtonhall, near Edinburgh, who had been bit by a mad dog, and became afflicted with hydrophobia. She sent for the Lee-penny, which she used for weeks, drinking and bathing in the water in which it was dipped, when she completely recovered. In gratitude for the loan of the Lee-penny, which had never been allowed to be carried away from the house of Lee, Sir Robert and Lady Baird entertained Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, who lent it for several days. Such is the history of the Lee-penny.

#### NIL-ADMIRARI,

NO. VII.

'IN this age of luxury and dissipation,' as certain advertisements impudently and libellously phrase it, or, as we ourselves should rather say, in this age of improvement, there are but very few things that have not undergone more or less change. There are, perhaps, but some half-dozen which have been able to resist the torrent of innovation, and that remain nearly *in statu quo*, as memorials of the good old times. Among these, we may reckon Lincoln's Inn, the Gentleman's Magazine, Rundell and Bridge's shop-window on Ludgate Hill, and that of Bowles's in St. Paul's Church-yard. The first-mentioned of these objects has so completely escaped alteration and repair, that it exhibits to every one who passes through Chancery Lane all the venerable squalidity collected during an entire century, and windows so encrusted with dirt as to have acquired the appearance and consistency of horn. We are no great antiquarians: and yet this mass of obsolete deformity and filthy has, in our age, a certain appropriateness, and a symbolic meaning, that we should be sorry to see sacrificed to mere architectural beauty; for, every time we look upon it, it seems to inform us of the horror which its tenants are known to entertain for innovation. They are as unwilling to part with old cobwebs as with old barbarous statutes, and are evidently averse to that plain daylight aspect in which other men like to contemplate objects; and there can be no doubt but that, viewed through a substance as opaque as horn, things must wear a much more ambiguous appearance than when seen through such a simple medium as plate-glass. But we must tear ourselves from this interesting and fascinating subject, seeing that we cannot now afford to devote all our paper to it.

Let us now glance at the venerable Sylvanus, whose labours we have quoted as among the few things that have been preserved 'intact and incorrupt.' Even in his exterior, Sylvanus is nearly what he was in the days of his pristine glory; for, although he has exchanged his homely blue coat for one of rather a gayer hue, he still exhibits on it the cut of St. John's Gate, which is certainly not the most modern and stylish cut, or at all in the cut of the present day.\* And then, too, he most religiously eschews all such innovations as fancy or *à la Grecque* borders: on the contrary, with a most laudable economy, deserving to be held up as a model in this age of extravagance, he is not above carrying outside passengers, which, being interpreted, means, that he fills even the exterior surface of his wrapper with advertisements; while his less prudent progeny seek merely to display their taste. And, with respect to the subjects of which he treats, and the manner of treating them, he is, as nearly as it is possible to be so, *qualis ab incepto*. Were it not that we believe that the worthy Sylvanus has a sort of horror of all alteration, without which, by the by, there can be but little improvement, we would suggest to him the propriety of assuming the title of the *Old Gentleman's Magazine*, both as sounding more venerable, and as better expressing the nature and spirit of the work itself. Yet, after all, we fear that Mr. Urban will hardly thank us for the hint—nay, he will probably be so little inclined to follow it, that we should not be at all surprised were we shortly to behold him in a smart pink wrapper, embellished with a tasteful border and a view of Regent Street instead of the quondam building in Clerkenwell.

With respect to Rundell and Bridge's shop, we never pass it without recollecting the anecdote of an old man more noted for his wealth than for the elegance of his attire, who, when asked by a friend why he did not dress better, replied,—'Damme, sir, because I can afford to go as shabby as I please,' which is, after all, a happier privilege than it may at first appear to be. This shop seems to know that it has that within which passes the 'harlotry of art,' and looks as if it said all very plainly to its opposite neighbours, decorated with polished brass, and Corinthian columns with gilt capitals, and immense sheets of plate-glass in their windows, and gigantic mirrors within,—'Your finery becomes you very well; but, for my part, I can afford to look old-fashioned and homely, and even shabby.' And yet, we make no doubt, the day has been when this shop-front was con-

\* We were rather astonished to perceive, in a critique on Neale's Churches, in last month's number of his magazine, that Mr. Urban should find fault with the wrapper of that work as not sufficiently elegant; for, when we call to mind the queer drawings which he has given of various relics of antiquity, we must say that such a remark comes with an ill grace from him. But we rather suspect that the article was written by one not exactly orthodox in antiquarian taste. Let Sylvanus beware of such heretical critics, or they will pull down his St. John's Gate about his ears.

sidered a tasty—perhaps a very magnificent affair,\* and its squares of glass, that now appear to us to be of most contemptible dimensions, were reckoned of an extravagant size. But it is in the predicament of some more important institutions, which seem to degenerate because they do not keep pace with the spirit of the age, and to retrograde because they do not advance. At the very instant, however, that we are writing, there are strong symptoms of innovation, even in this El-Dorado of Ludgate Hill; and it may be about to cast off the antique appearance it has so long worn.

Another memorial of times past yet remains to be spoken of, although last not least—Bowles's venerable print-shop, in St. Paul's Church-yard, which still displays at its window, incessantly beset by staring cockneys and bumpkins, the identical engravings which it did some forty or fifty years ago. Other exhibitions require change and variety; but this, resting we presume on its intrinsic merits, seems to spurn at such methods of attracting the public gaze, which, somehow or other, it contrives to arrest, although each work of art that it contains must be as familiar to the passers-by as the dome of St. Paul's itself. Here many a quaint and antique print, and rudely-drawn yet forcibly-coloured device, extorts our admiration: here we may study the graphic art in its original simplicity; and, albeit we of the present day have more taste, perhaps, in these matters, there is a native humour in some of these productions more striking than the comparatively insipid elegance of modern prints; and, were it not that they are exposed to the stare of the rude vulgar, they would doubtlessly be considered worthy of adorning the cabinets and portfolios of antiquaries and collectors. What, for instance, can be more ingenious than such prints as 'the Alphabet turned Posture-Master,' and 'the Digits in the Fidgets'—or than 'the Dumb-Master, or the Art of Talking with the Hands?' It must be granted that they do not exhibit the most profound knowledge of anatomy; neither do Egyptian antiquities, or the sculptures in the tomb of Psammis, or the figures on genuine porcelain, all which are not, therefore, the less highly esteemed by connoisseurs. Then, too, with regard to the caricatures, they are all of a very innocent nature, bating, by the by, that some are rather indelicate. Other shops that deal in these freaks of the pencil are always ambitious of catching at some prominent folly of the day, and of dealing in strong personality. They exhibit *illustrations* of the modest and delicate Harriet's Memoirs, or my Lord Petersham at full-length, or Parson Irving, or little Roscius and the Antlered Alderman, or Maria—not Sterne's Maria, but a damsel of more sense and spirit than that poor half-witted forlorn one, or some other of those celebrated personages who delight rather in being pilloried in prints and newspapers for the amusement of the world, than buried in humdrum,

\* The most elegant thing of the kind in town is Tinkler's shop in Old Bond Street, lately finished. For richness of effect, architectural splendour, and novelty of design, it is unquestionably *unique*.

decent obscurity; for which, no doubt, the world, which likes a laugh to shake off the weight of its cares, is more obliged to them than to all the starched models of decorum that ever existed. Instead of such subjects, which, however piquant, are, it must be confessed, not quite so innocent as could be wished, we have here the comparatively harmless satire of the 'Bubbler's Mirrour, or England's Folly;' or, if we prefer didactic morality to satire, we may turn to 'Poor Richard Illustrated:' then, too, for those who delight in the beauties of nature or the wonders of art, there are landscapes of the most verdurous aspect, with bright green grass and trees, and deep blue skies; or Solomon's Temple, which is really curious, and a grand effort of the imagination, although perhaps many have withheld from the artist more than half his praise, supposing it to be a mere fac-simile view of that noted fabric. Again, there is St. Paul's Cathedral, of a fine salmon tint, and, for the sake both of effect and of deviating from mere matter of fact, placed in a space of about the extent of Salisbury Plain. Our regard for veracity compels us to acknowledge that these productions do not uniformly exhibit nature as she is; but then they do that which is better—they show her to us as she *ought to be*; for, that trees and grass ought to be of an emerald hue, and the sky vault of unclouded azure, is a truth which the admirers of poetry cannot for a moment doubt: and, with regard to perspective, there is certainly more ingenuity required to exhibit objects as they were never yet viewed by mortal optics, than servilely to copy them exactly as seen by the eye. The latter demands only the use of a very common faculty, namely, that of vision; the other, an extraordinary effort and docility of the organs of sight, that fall not to the lot of ordinary men. But we cannot undertake to describe in detail, or even to enumerate, half the curious things here gratuitously exhibited, and would seriously recommend all our readers who may not yet have seen them, before they go to hunt out out antiquities abroad, not to omit first of all inspecting such remarkable ones at home: and we hope that they may be finally deposited in the British Museum, although that will be but honourable obscurity compared with the popular station they now enjoy.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### THE COMPLAINT.

DELICIOUS blushing Spring had smil'd,  
As on the southern hills she stood,  
And gemm'd the meads with flow'rets wild,  
And freed the crystal-fetter'd flood;  
When by the hawthorn in the vale,  
Whose buds had op'd to April's show'rs,  
Young Edwyn's sighs were on the gale,  
That fragrance bore from fresh-blown flow'rs.  
His glowing lips love endless vow'd,  
His bright blue eyes confirm'd his words,—  
Love! aye, till death his corpse shall shroud,  
'Mid smiling peace or murd'rous swords.  
In summer, when the bright moon's ray  
On calm nights pierc'd the shadowy boughs  
With the clear rippling brook to play,  
Edwyn renew'd his ardent vows.

With autumn came an aged man,  
Of sun-burn'd brow and fallow hue;  
In tropic climes he spent his span  
Of life,—his hairs were grey and few.  
This old man from the distant east  
Had brought a hard-earn'd golden treasure,  
And he could spread the splendid feast,  
When from it he could quaff no pleasure.  
But, as the blood in Edwyn's veins  
To this old Indian was allied,  
The nabob wished that to the plains  
Of India, o'er the boundless tide,  
He'd hie, to court the smiles of wealth,  
That glitter in Golconda's gems,  
And stake his peace, his home, his health,  
For what to cares its lord condemns.  
And heedless Edwyn listen'd not  
To the meek language of my eyes,  
But o'er the Atlantic waves has sought  
The realms where morning's glories rise.  
And now by Ganges' sacred streams,  
Where speckled tigers prowl along,  
He seeks the jungle's shade, nor dreams  
Of her who chants this plaintive song.  
Yet hope oft hovers o'er my pillow,  
And smiling waves her golden tresses,  
And says that by my fav'rite willow  
Again we'll meet with fond caresses. M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NEW CHAPEL, REGENT STREET.

ALTHOUGH it would be too much to assert that the new churches in and around the metropolis are perfectly unexceptionable in point of taste, or to deny that some of them display blemishes both of omission and commission, which a little care would have avoided, we think it must be conceded that, upon the whole, these structures are superior in design and architectural arrangement to most of their predecessors, and indicate a new and better era of art. That which we are now about to notice, although in some respects open to censure, has many good points, both externally and internally, and a certain originality and boldness about it that recommend it beyond some of its rivals.

Like St. Philip's Chapel, near Waterloo Place, this building is enclosed at the sides by the adjacent houses, so that the façade alone is visible from the street. An Ionic portico, of four columns, advances over the foot pavement of the street; and is, besides, carried back several feet, so as to allow sufficient space for a door at each extremity in the wall, at right angles to the front. The back wall of the portico is occupied by a very large door, with rich architraves, in the style of those at St. Pancras Church. On each side of this portico is a window, between two pilasters, or antæ, with fancy capitals; and, above this, rises a small square tower, or belfry, with an anta, at each angle. The windows rest on a moulding, beneath which the wall is plain, but is rusticated above. With regard to the details, there are several blemishes in this front: the Ionic order is not the happiest specimen that might have been selected; and, although we will not censure the architect for having ventured on so bold an experiment as that of introducing pilasters of a different order, or rather, of an invention of his own; we are of opinion, that he has

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not been particularly happy either in the design of the capitals, which have something heavy and unfinished in their character, or in adapting them to the order with which he has thought proper to combine them. The general effect, however, of the elevation is good: the features are simple, bold, and well defined; and, although not very favourably situated with respect to sun, except in the early part of the day, there is still a considerable degree of light and shade. The apertures are few and large, especially the central door, which, from its ample dimensions, possesses much dignity of character, and gives an importance and air of consequence to the whole front. There is much originality in the conception and design of the belfries; and, in point of outline, they accord much better with the rest of the structure than a tower would have done; yet, elegant as they are, considered by themselves, they appear rather too heavy in proportion to the rest of the building, and too near each other, while, at the same time, when viewed in combination with the surrounding houses, their dimensions are too inconsiderable, and, from their general form, are too apt to suggest the idea of two stacks of chimneys. The interior of this chapel has much to recommend it; although it is neither very spacious nor very richly ornamented. Its general form, or the body of the chapel, is a square, with a fluted column, the capital of which bears much resemblance to that of the Corinthian order; at each angle, and between these columns are square pillars, after the manner of antæ; behind these are two galleries, one above the other, the upper one retreating backwards, and, on the west side of the chapel, these galleries extend to a considerable depth; on the east side is the altar which is hung with purple cloth in folds, with an embroidered glory in the centre, and above this is the organ, which seems to us a very happy arrangement, especially where the structure is not very spacious. In the centre of the roof is a small dome of considerable depth, so as to approach somewhat to the shape of a beehive. There is, also, something uncommon both in its design and construction. It contains eight windows, beneath which are cherubim's heads, on which they seem to rest. In the position of the columns, and the contrast arising between them and the square pillars; in the boldness of the entablatures, and the effect arising from the deep galleries; in the dome and in the union of the altar and organ into one composition, there is much to admire,—much novelty and much judgment. We are, however, of opinion, that the effect would have been still better, had there been no windows on the north and south sides. The central door, beneath the portico, does not open immediately into the chapel, it being behind the altar, but conducts to the staircases leading to the galleries.

### THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

The following anecdotes are the extracts which we last week promised from the *Facetiae Cantabrigienses*:—

*Hebrew.*—A Cantab, when on a tour in the country, chanced to enter a strange church, and, after he had been seated some little time, another person was ushered into the same pew with him. The service had proceeded till the *psalms* were about to be read, when the stranger pulled out of his pocket a prayer-book, and offered to share it with the Cantab, though he perceived he had one in his hand. This generosity, the Cantab perceived, proceeded from a mere ostentatious display of his learning, as it proved to be in *Latin*; and he immediately declined the offer by saying, "Sir, I read nothing but *Hebrew*!"

*Matthew Matlocks.*—A gentleman, who had just taken his degree of B. A. in the University of Cambridge, going down into the north of England on a visit immediately after, was asked by a person (whose pronunciation savoured of the provincial), "whether he knew *MATHEMATICS*." The Cantab, supposing that he alluded to a person of that name who lived in the neighbourhood, replied, "I don't know *Matthew Matlocks*, but I know his brother *Richard*."

*Compliments.*—Mr. Yates, the celebrated master of the free grammar-school at Appleby, which he had taught with credit and success for half a century, when in his eightieth year, still retaining the vigour of his faculties, became intimate with Paley. Many of their mutual compliments are remembered by their intimate friends; amongst others, the following:—"Mr. Paley reasons like Locke," was the observation of Yates; "Mr. Yates writes like Erasmus," was the equally-merited reply of Paley.

*A Marvellous Hint.*—At a party of which the late Dr. Brand happened to make one, many stories were related by one of the gentlemen, for the entertainment of the company, of a most *marvellous* description. A pause occurring in the conversation, the doctor commenced by saying,—"Gentlemen, I will tell my tale. In a country village," continued the doctor, "lived a butcher, who had the curiosity, one day, to view the adjacent country from the top of the village steeple, and, for that purpose, he was shown up by the clerk of the parish. Soon after they had reached the top, the bells began to ring, which caused the steeple to rock from one side to the other with such velocity, that the butcher, unable to bear the effect (which completely addled his brains), leaped from the top; but reflecting, on his way down, of the imminent risk he ran in alighting, he suddenly drew his knife from its sheath, stuck it in the wall, and there hung dangling by it, like a hat on a peg, till some persons, having obtained a ladder, lifted him down."—"That must be a lie!" exclaimed the person who had before amused the company so much.—"And, pray, what have you been telling the whole evening?" said the doctor. Our gentleman was *mum*."

*A Musical Blow-Up.*—The Rev. Mr. B—, when residing at Canterbury, was reckoned a good violencello-player; but he was not more distinguished for his expression on the instrument, than for the peculiar ap-

pearance of feature whilst playing it. In fact, when lost in the midst of the adagios of Corelli or Avison, the muscles of his face all sympathized with his fiddle-stick, and kept up a reciprocal movement. His sight, being dim, obliged him very often to snuff the candles, and, when he came to a bar's rest, in lieu of snuffers, he generally employed his fingers in that office; and, lest he should offend the good housewife by this dirty trick of his, he used to thrust the *spoils* into the *sound-holes* of his violencello. A waggish friend of his, who had observed B—'s whim, resolved to enjoy himself "at the parson's expense," as he termed it; and, for that purpose, he popped a quantity of gunpowder into B—'s instrument. The rest were informed of the trick, and of course kept at a respectable distance. The tea equipage being removed, music became the order of the day, and, after B— had tuned his instrument, and drawn his stand near enough to snuff his candles with ease, feeling himself in the meridian of his glory, he dashed away at Vanhall's 47th. B— came to a bar's rest, the candles were snuffed, and he thrust the ignited wick into the usual place;—*fit frugor*, and bang went the fiddle to pieces."

*An Illustration.*—Milton, the British Homer, and prince of modern poets, in his latter days, and when he was blind (a thing some men do with their eyes open), married a *shrew*. The Duke of Buckingham, one day, in Milton's hearing, called her a *rose*. "I am no judge of flowers," observed Milton, "but it may be so, for I feel the *thorns* daily."

*"A Rare Mathematical Wind."*—The late Professor Vince, one morning (several trees having been blown down the night previous), meeting a friend in the walks of St. John's College, Cambridge, was accosted with, "How d'ye do, sir? quite a blustering wind this."—"Yes," answered Vince, "it's a rare *mathematical wind*."—"Mathematical wind!" exclaimed the other. "How so?"—"Why," replied Vince, "it has extracted a great many *roots*!"

*A Compliment returned in Full.*—Porson once happened to be in the company of Dr. Jackson, an Oxonian, who, thinking to pay the learned professor a flattering compliment, said to him, "Porson, you are the only man that ever left the University of Cambridge, learned in Greek." The professor, whose wit, like the "*whoop halloo*!" of a keen sportsman when his dogs are at fault, was always at command, responded to the doctor's flattery, "And you, doctor, are the only man that ever left Oxford with any learning at all."

*The Great Calf.*—A company disputing on the superiority of Oxford to Cambridge, a gentleman present remarked that the decision could not affect him, because he was educated at both:—"That," said an old gentleman present, "puts me in mind of a calf, which, I remember, when I was a lad, was suckled by two cows." "Really," said the university gentleman; "and pray, sir, what was the consequence?" "Why, sir, he turned out the *greatest calf I ever saw in my life*."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTES on 'Wills,' the 'Infant Lyra,' and reviews of several new works, which stand over, shall appear in our next, when we are promised a Ramble by Asmodeus.

G. F. will find a letter for him, at our office, on Monday next.

All literary announcements sent to us must be authenticated with the name of the author or publisher.

## WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
June 24	55	70	60	30 04	Fair.
.... 25	62	73	55	29 79	Showery.
.... 26	54	65	55	.. 85	Do.
.... 27	55	60	54	.. 88	Do.
.... 28	54	60	55	.. 74	Do.
.... 29	55	67	57	.. 79	Cloudy.
.... 30	56	65	56	.. 76	Showery.

Works published since our last notice.—Elmes's Arts and Artists, 3 vols. 12 1s.—Barbauld's Correspondence and Memoir, 2 vols. 8vo. 12 4s.—Gillies' Excursion in Piedmont, 8vo. 12s.—Biddulph's Theology of the Early Patriarchs, 2 vols. 21s.—A Summer Ramble in the North Highlands, 8s. 6d.—Pepy's Memoirs and Correspondence, 2 vols. 4to. 6l. 6s.—Forty Years in the World, 3 vols. 12 10s.—Traditions of Edinburgh, four numbers, 8s.—James's Semi-Sceptic, 8vo. 12s.—The Travellers, 4s. 6d.—Brother Jonathan, 3 vols. 12 11s. 6d.—More's Spirit of Prayer, 6s.—Pratt's Cecil's Remains, 6s.—History of the Conquest of England by the Normans, 3 vols. 8vo. 12 16s.—Petersdoff's Law Reports, vol. 2nd, 12 11s. 6d.

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W. LINTON, Secretary.

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